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Great Men's Sons

BY

Elbridge S. Brooks



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PETER AND HIS MOTHER HIDING THE MANUSCRIPTS.

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GREAT MEN'S SONS

WHO THEY WERE, WHAT THEY DID, AND HOW THEY TURNED OUT

A GLIMPSE AT THE SONS OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MEN FROM SOCRATES TO NAPOLEON

BY

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

Author of "Historic Boys," "Historic Girls," "The Story of the United States," "The Century Book for Young Americans," "A Boy of the First Empire," etc.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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PREFACE.

THIS book is not intended as an argument for or against the disputed doctrine of heredity. It does not seek to establish comparisons or draw conclusions. It simply introduces certain boys of famous parentage to those boys and girls of to-day who are naturally inquisitive as to what this or that great man's son did in the world or what he amounted to.

To satisfy this inquiry the writer has made a careful hunt through the records of the past for the sons of the world's great men, with the result herewith set down.

In certain eminent instances the search was unavailing. Julius Cæsar, Michelangelo, and George Washington had no children; one or two other famous persons, who might reasonably have found place in the list, had no sons. But the seventeen great men selected are representative, and their sons will not, it is hoped, prove uninteresting. To

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the story of each of the boys whose careers are here given a lesson is attached; but the writer never did care to draw morals. He who runs may read.

Six of the sketches included in this volume appeared originally in *Harper's Round Table.* For permission to use them here the writer makes due acknowledgment. He also wishes to accord credit to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for certain of the illustrations used in the stories of the son of Alexander, the son of Charlemagne, and the son of Luther, and for the same courtesy in the matter of illustrations to the Century Company and the Lothrop Publishing Company. Acknowledgment should also be made for the courtesy of research accorded by the Library of Harvard University and the Public Library of Somerville, Massachusetts.

E. S. B.



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GREAT MEN'S SONS.

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I.

THE SON OF SOCRATES.

(B.C. 410.)

IN a certain street in Athens, twenty-three centuries ago, an old man sat upon his doorstep talking to his son.

The street was narrow and dirty; but it ran from the foot of Museum Hill, straight to the market-place, the centre of the city's trade and life. The house was small and mean; but its open doorway looked out upon the pillared glories of the Acropolis, not half a mile away. The man was old and far from handsome; he was, in fact, bald-headed, snub-nosed, big-eyed, pot-bellied, and bandy-legged; but, like the iron casket of Portia, that homely exterior contained a priceless jewel; for this ugly old Athenian was the greatest man of all antiquity, the noblest mind among all the sons of men. He was Socrates.

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The boy was sixteen and far from attractive in face or form; but his name has outlived that of millions of brighter and braver and more beautiful boys, simply because he was the son of his father. He was Lamprocles, the eldest son of Socrates.

It was early in the morning and Athens was just astir. There had evidently been some trouble in the house of Socrates; for, through the open doorway, came the vindictive clashing of pots and pans, the complaining cries of Lamprocles's little brothers, and the raised voice of an angry woman.

And there had been trouble. Lamprocles and his mother Xanthippe—famous for twenty-three hundred years as the scolding wife of Socrates—had been having high words that very morning; and when his mother had scolded him long and loudly, Lamprocles had talked back, and had been impudent and unruly to his high-tempered but sorely-tried mother.

For Xanthippe, the mother of Lamprocles and wife of Socrates, was a sorely-tried woman. She had come of a good family in Athens, and had married this ugly-looking old man, whose father was an image-maker and whose mother was a nurse. She had hoped to be well supported and to have fine clothes and a nice house; but philosophers are sometimes careless and not always what the world calls "good providers," and poor Xanthippe had

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hard work to keep house and bring up her three boys, when her absent-minded old husband would not make and would not take money, and declared that anybody could live comfortably on ten cents a day. So she was sorely tried to make both ends meet; naturally, she did not think very much of her husband's deep thoughts and noble words while he went about bare-footed and dirty, while her boys were as dirty and as illy clad as he, and while she had not a decent cloak to her name, but was obliged to borrow her husband's greasy old mantle to throw over her shoulders if she wished to call on a neighbor or take a walk to the market-place.

But if Socrates was careless about his looks and thoughtless as to home-comforts, he did not like to hear his boy having words with the mother. So that morning, while he sat on his doorstep to escape the turmoil within the house, he called Lamprocles to him.

The boy came quickly enough. To tell the truth, he welcomed any call that took him beyond the reach of his mother's sharp tongue. His father was waiting for him on the doorstep of the little house. He did not know why his father wished to see him.

He evidently did not expect a lecture, for Socrates never scolded. Indeed, the philosopher was not very particular about disciplining his children.

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Perhaps he thought they had enough of that from the other side of the house. At any rate, he had little to do in his household affairs, for most of his time was passed in the public places of Athens, where he was regarded as a man of great intellect even if he was what we call "shiftless." So his son was counted as among the street boys of Athens —a boy who preferred to be "hail fellow" with the roughs and loafers of old Athens, rather than with the bright boys of the market-place and the academy,—a young fellow without his father's brains or his mother's "grit," and neither a very bright nor desirable companion.

Instead, therefore, of scolding the boy as Xanthippe had done, Socrates tried to reason with his son, and show him how wicked it was for a boy to be impudent and ugly to his mother.

Socrates was what we call a wonderful "conversationalist." He was the finest talker the world has ever seen. Up in Concord, in the State of Massachusetts, there lived not many years ago a man somewhat like him in this respect, the father of the famous "Little Women."

Socrates never wrote a book; he left scarcely a written line by which to be remembered; but he drew about him those who did remember and who did write; and two of these men, Xenophon the soldier, and Plato the philosopher, wrote down the

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"SOCRATES DID NOT LIKE TO HEAR HIS BOY HAVING WORDS WITH THE MOTHER."

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wonderful conversations and the noble talks of this remarkable old man. These have lived for ages—the inspiration and the cause of some of the grandest thoughts that men have given to the world. For Socrates has well been called the Father of Philosophy, the founder of Athens's most glorious empire—the empire of thought. And it is to Xenophon that we are indebted for the knowledge of this talk that Socrates had with his son Lamprocles, in the doorway of their shabby little house at the foot of Museum Hill.

Socrates had a way of conversing by questions. Often he would not assert or declare a thing, but, by skilfully questioning the one with whom he was talking, he would cause his listener to, himself, gradually advance matters by direct answers, until the point in question was made clear. Then the wise old philosopher would make his grand conclusion, or, by a simple utterance of the truth he had sought to develop, would create and emphasize a noble and everlasting moral. It made no difference whether his talk was with the highest or the lowest in Greece, for Socrates was no respecter of persons; whether it was with a cattle-driver or a judge, the mighty Pericles or the "freshest" boy in Athens (in fact, Socrates had an especial hold upon the boys and young men of his much-loved city), the questions were just as simple, the reason-

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ing just as direct, the point made and the conclusion announced, just as emphatic.

So, in this talk with the young Lamprocles, the father began by mildly questioning his sulky son; for Lamprocles undoubtedly was sulky and in bad humor because of his "row" with his mother.

"See here, my boy," said Socrates; "do you not know that there are some people in the world who are called ungrateful?"

Of course he knew it, Lamprocles replied—a little ungraciously and just a bit sullenly.

"And do you not think," continued the father, "that people who are ungrateful are what we call unjust?"

To which the boy again replied: "Certainly they are."

Then, by a skilful but gentle and friendly succession of questions, Socrates led his son to admit that, the greater the benefit conferred the more unjust is he who is ungrateful; that no benefit could be greater than those conferred by parents, and especially by mothers, on children; and that, consequently, ingratitude to parents is the greatest of evils. And when the sulky boy, seeing that the course of his father's reasoning was one that he could not logically turn aside, tried to brazen it out and say that might be all right, but, "by the Dog!" his mother had used language to him that no boy

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could stand, and, as for him, he would rather run away than stand it again, his father, still gently reasoning, calmed him down and told him to remember all that his mother had borne for him ; he bade the boy think of how that mother had worked and slaved for him, worried when he was sick, rejoiced when he was well again ; then, suddenly, he asked the son whether he really thought his mother was malicious in her treatment of him, when she corrected and scolded him.

To this Lamprocles indignantly and with much emphasis replied : "The gods forbid, my father, that I should imagine such a thing!"

Having thus got the young fellow into a better frame of mind, Socrates quietly said : "You are right, my son ; and for my part, I think that if you cannot bear with so excellent a mother, you cannot stand anything that is good."

From this he led on the boy to see and to admit that neglect or annoyance of parents was really a crime, hated by all men and justly punished by the laws of the land ; that if he hoped to gain the respect and favor of men he must begin by honoring his parents ; and the patient father, growing more emphatic and just a bit stern as he proceeded, ending this loving talk, that was really a lecture, by telling Lamprocles that if he were wise he would pray earnestly to the gods to pardon him for

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the harsh words he had said to his mother, and to remember that, if men saw that he neglected his parents, they would rightly despise him; "for," said Socrates, "if men suspect that you have no gratitude to your parents, they will not think it worth their while to do you a kindness; for they will feel that, should they do so, they would meet with no gratitude in return."

Having thus made peace between mother and son the old philosopher drew his shabby mantle about him and started upon his regular morning walk to the market-place, the gymnasium, and the baths. And the young men who always liked to hear him talk gathered about him and enjoyed his wise and witty words, asked and answered questions, or applauded loudly when he rebuked some pompous fellow who gave himself airs, or put to shame the selfish man who cared only to advance his own interests at the expense of others.

It was these latter people of whom Socrates made enemies and who, at last, on a June day in the year 469 B.C., brought about his tragic death. And when, in the prison on the slope of Museum Hill, not far from his humble little home, that final scene of the philosopher's life occurred, and the old man of seventy-two calmly drank off the cup of poison that ended his life, none mourned him more sincerely than did the wife who had so often made

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"SOCRATES WAS A WONDERFUL 'CONVERSATIONALIST.'"

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things unpleasant for him, and the son who had been heedless of his wise and loving words.

We have just a picture left us of the last sad scene—the weeping wife and the lamenting children who realized the loss that was to fall upon their home, and were kindly led from the prison by the friends who had gathered to hear the last words and receive the final lesson from this simple, singular, and grand old man.

For, whatever the defects of his character—and no men are perfect, not even teachers and heroes, —Socrates the Athenian was a grand old man. To-day, he might not be esteemed a success in society if he persisted in living as he lived in ancient Athens twenty-three hundred years ago. But remember what men said of him after he had gone. Socrates, so runs the eulogy of the Athenians, was so pious, that he did nothing without taking counsel of the gods; so just, that he never did an injury to any man, while he was the benefactor of his associates; so temperate, that he never preferred pleasure to right; so wise, that in judging of good and evil he was never at fault—in a word, "the best and happiest of men." That would be a pretty good record, even for a nineteenth-century teacher, would it not? But, after all, it is not with Socrates's life, but with his teachings—it is not with his family, but with his

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principles, that the world has to do; and the world's best thought and culture have for centuries accepted the teachings of Socrates as the high-water mark of human wisdom. If he could not teach his wife to think wisdom better than houses and clothes, if he could not teach his son to think at all, that must not weigh against his greatness of mind. All boys and girls must learn to depend upon themselves, and if they will not or cannot drink in wisdom from the wise folks about them, that is their fault and not that of the wise ones—unless, indeed, the wise ones do not know how to communicate their wisdom. Socrates knew how to do this as few other teachers could. His son did not inherit the depth of mind nor the strength of soul that his father possessed, and, therefore, he amounted to nothing.

That the boy did amount to nothing—certainly that he did not amount to much—we have the records of the past to show. All the authorities agree that this lumpy young Lamprocles was, as we say now, "no good," and preferred eating melons with ne'er-do-wells, on the sunny side of a wall, to wandering in the groves of the learned Academy. Aristotle, who knew the young man well, used him to illustrate an essay on genius and its degeneracy. He tells us that this son of Socrates was dull and fatuous—in other words,

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"HE PREFERRED EATING MELONS WITH NE'ER-DO-WELLS ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF A WALL."

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stupid and heavy-witted. He did not comprehend, and therefore could not follow his father's wise words and noble precepts, and would scarcely be able to comprehend the real grandeur, for example, of this saying of Socrates, his father: "To want nothing is divine; to want as little as possible is the nearest approach to the divine life."

Perhaps we ought not to blame the boy for the moral lack that must have been part of his nature. He is not the only son of a philosopher who has proved himself anything but philosophic. Genius is not always a heritage, and what Sir Philip Sidney defined chivalry to be—"high erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy," can only be developed in a boy or girl of principle, of ambition, of intelligence, and of spirit. You know, perhaps, now, the meaning of another quaint and homely saying of the long-ago: "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

So let us not blame our friend Lamprocles; let us pity him. He had neither the wit to make the most of a noble example, nor the pluck to be anything more than what the boys of to-day call, in expressive if somewhat slangy phrase, a "chump." We know little more concerning him than the glimpse we have of him in this talk with his father on the doorstep of his Athenian home. We have only the record that, after his father's death, he

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never amounted to much. He and his two brothers were esteemed, as I have told you, utterly dull and stupid; and, even when he grew to manhood, there was nothing about the young Lamprocles to remind men that he was the son of Socrates—the wisest and noblest of all the wise and noble men of ancient Greece.



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II.

THE SON OF ALEXANDER.

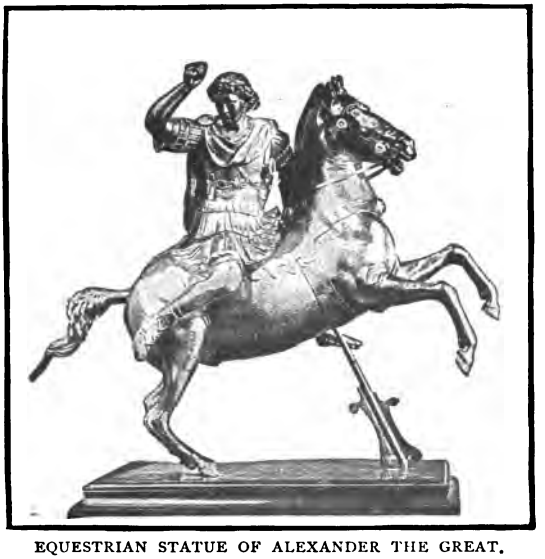
(B.C. 320.)

IN the mighty palace of the ancient kings at Babylon there lay, three hundred and twenty-three years before the Divine Baby slept in the manger at Bethlehem, a very small boy with a very great name. He was Alexander, the Shield, the Great Lord, Blessed, That liveth Forever. He was constitutional King of Macedon, Captain-General of Greece, and Monarch of Asia.

As yet his name was the biggest part of him; for he was a very small baby, without a father, with a girl-mother, who scarcely knew what to do, and with fierce and selfish men contending for his possession, and struggling to divide among themselves the vast empire that this baby's father had left without a head. For this small boy's father had been known as Alexander the Great, King of Macedon, and Conqueror of the World.

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The little Alexander's mother was the daughter of a war-chief of Bactria—that far-off land of Central Asia which we now know as Bokhara in Turkestan. She is said to have been the most beautiful girl in all Asia when, in the year 328 B.C., the young conqueror from the west, who had defeated and overthrown her father, first captured and then married the fair Roxana. But when, in the month of May, 323 B.C., her husband died in the great palace at Babylon—the mighty city which he determined to make the capital of his vast empire,—the Lady Roxana was a most puzzled young queen. And



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
(From the statue in the National Museum, Naples.)

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before the summer was over, she was a very anxious young mother; for the baby Alexander was born soon after his father's death, and, at once, five, at least, of Alexander's generals were tearing in pieces the great empire which they had decided should belong to the son of Alexander, trying, each one of them, to steal from it a kingdom for himself.

But, meantime, the little Alexander was, practically, Alexander the Imperial. And there he lay in his gilded bed, or in his mother's arms. The generals and high officers of state came in and out of the splendid palace at Babylon, in which Belshazzar had feasted and Cyrus had ruled; and they prostrated themselves before this baby-king, and did all those ridiculous things the Oriental court ceremonial demands, and which this baby's father, though he hated them (being a free Macedonian), had yet insisted upon, because he saw that only by such forms and ceremonies could he retain his power over the Persians and other Eastern nations that he had conquered.

So there was gorgeousness and gilding and display enough around the boy-king's cradle; but it was all a hollow show. Underneath it lay a determination, among those whose palaver seemed the most profound in this ceremonial, to be speedily rid of the boy. It grew as he grew, and it filled his short life with woe and worry. The son

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of Alexander learned, full early in his life, the truth of the often-repeated saying, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Almost before the little King Alexander was able to walk he was obliged to leave the great palace at Babylon and go to the western part of his father's empire,—the shores of Greece and Macedon. For the generals who were, so they said, governing his empire for him, speedily fell to fighting among themselves for the mastery, and only one of the five seemed at all favorable to the boy-king. This was Antigonus, his uncle. So the boy and his mother hurried away from Babylon, and went to live with little Alexander's grandmother in Greece, because it was thought that the only way to hold the generals and soldiers loyal to the little king was to keep him in sight as much as possible. He was trotted about from city to city and from camp to camp, until all his early years seemed spent "on the go," and he had little time for rest or play, or for the education that was due his rank as the son of his father and the Lord of the World, as he was pompously styled.

The most ambitious and determined of the five quarrelling generals was Cassander, the regent of Macedon. He was the dead Alexander's brother-in-law and the little Alexander's uncle; but he hated both father and son, because one had slighted

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23 "THERE WAS GORGEOUSNESS AND DISPLAY AROUND THE BOY KING'S CRADLE."

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him and the other stood in his way. So he did not rest until he had forced his rivals into a bitter quarrel for supremacy that led into a long and bloody war.

It was during this war that little Alexander's grandmother, the Princess Olympias, tried to take things into her own hands and punish Cassander. Olympias was a warlike and vindictive old lady; she hated Cassander, and was determined to have her grandson as firmly placed upon his throne as her son, his father, had been. She gathered an army in western Greece and marched against Cassander. But that shrewd leader hurried his army forward and placed himself between Olympias and the road by which she hoped to reach Pella, the Macedonian capital. Thereupon the old princess shut herself up in the city of Pydna, an old town of Macedonia, which lies at the head of what is now called, on your map of Turkey-in-Europe, the Gulf of Salonica; and it is there that, in the year 316 B.C., we catch a second brief glimpse of the son of Alexander, now a little fellow of seven years.

For he and his mother were with his grandmother's army, and were hurried into Pydna by that energetic old lady when she ran away from Cassander. It was a beautiful spot to live in,—this old walled town of Pydna; it was built three miles

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back from the sea, in a fine and fertile region, and almost under the shadow of that famous old hill, the superb Mount Olympus, the fabled home of the gods of Greece.

But it was anything but a beautiful home for poor little King Alexander, when he found himself locked behind its walls. For Cassander, the Macedonian, marched his soldiers against it, and dug a great trench all around it, and set up all the dreadful old-time war-engines about it, and arranged either to batter down its walls or starve out its inhabitants.



"IT WAS A DREADFUL SIEGE."

It was a dreadful siege. Provisions grew scarce and finally gave out altogether, and poor little Alexander went to bed hungry many a night. The horses, the mules, and the dogs were killed for food; the great war elephants, having nothing to eat but sawdust, grew too weak to be of any

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use, and, finally, they, together with their useless drivers, were also killed and eaten by the soldiers.

At last things became so desperate that the little king's warlike grandmother tried to escape with Alexander. But just as everything was ready, and a swift galley was waiting for them in the harbor, along came that dreadful Cassander and captured the galley before the king and his grandmother could get to it. They hurried back inside the city again, but it was of no use trying longer to stand the siege. So Olympias and the little king surrendered themselves to Cassander, after getting him to promise to do them no harm.

But those were the days when promises did not amount to much. Very soon after Alexander and his grandmother had surrendered themselves to Cassander, that lying young Macedonian went back on all his solemn promises. He had the ambitious old lady killed, and he sent Alexander and his mother into imprisonment.

The boy's home was now in the strong and gloomy citadel in the Macedonian city of Amphipolis, quite an important place in those days; it stood three miles from the sea, on the river Strymon, and at the head of what is now called, on your map of Turkey-in-Europe, the Gulf of Orphano. Here, in this massive and prison-like citadel of Amphipolis—"the town that is surrounded by

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water,"—we get our last glimpse of the son of Alexander.

Things had come to a crisis between the stronger of the five generals—Cassander and Antigonus. After much fighting came a truce. Then a plan, submitted to Cassander by Antigonus, proposed that Cassander should rule Alexander's empire in Europe, and Antigonus in Asia, until the boy-king should come of age.

But Cassander remembered that this boy's famous father was a governor at fourteen, a general at sixteen, a king at eighteen, a conqueror at twenty. If this plan proposed by Antigonus were agreed to, the usurper knew that his power could only last until the son of Alexander grew strong enough to rule over his father's mighty empire.

Such a result did not at all agree with Cassander's ambitious schemes; so one day a swift runner, bearing a fearful message, came into Amphipolis. "To the Captain Glaucus," his message ran; and it bade that officer make way with the young Alexander and his mother as speedily and as secretly as possible.

At once the dreadful deed was done. How, when, and where, no one knows. It was as great a tragedy and remains as great a mystery as was the murder of the poor little princes of England in the Tower of London, eighteen hundred years later.

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"'TO THE CAPTAIN GLAUCUS,' THE MESSAGE RAN."

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Cassander, I am sorry to say, did not come to grief, as he so richly deserved. He lived for fifteen years after that bloody deed, and just revelled in cruelty, conquest, and power. He became king of Greece and Macedon, fought with all his old comrades and fellow conspirators, and made things generally unpleasant. He is a type of the brutality and selfishness that ruled the world in those bad old days—and yet he is said to have been a man of cultivated taste and able to repeat all Homer from memory. Learning alone, however, does not make a gentleman. Nero was a poet and Richard the Third was a scholar. Intellect that is unsupported by nobility of soul is but a perishable fresco that speedily rubs off and shows the rough and blotchy plaster underneath.

Little Alexander's story is a sad one. But he does not stand alone in this respect. It was the rule with most of the royal boys and girls of long ago to have sad stories of their own to tell. It was their fate to be, very many of them, bones of contention between those dogs of schemers,—the traitors and the brutes who so often lived near to a throne and sharpened their ambitions on its very steps. Cruelty seems to have been catching in those days.

It marked Alexander the Little for its victim from the start. He really appears never to have had

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a fair chance in life. Indeed, he started in the race heavily handicapped, as the horsemen say. His father, Alexander, was great; therefore Alexander was feared; consequently he was hated; the power he left at his death was a temptation to the greedy and the ambitious; they schemed and quarrelled and fought, and, in the scrimmage, poor little Alexander was forgotten. Perhaps, if he had been able to start fair and if he had been properly brought up, he might have developed into as great a man as had been his father, and his father's father before him.



ALEXANDER THE LITTLE.

For both these men were mighty. Philip of Macedon, little Alexander's grandfather, organized conquest; Alexander the Great, his marvellous son, carried the scheme of Philip to success; Alexander the Little fell its victim.

Of course, it takes a genius to rise superior to obstacles; greatness comes in spite of hindrances. Alexander the Little was no genius; his father was. I imagine if the great Alexander had lived, things might have been different. He would have given his boy a proper bringing up, for Alexander the Great knew the value of education. His teacher

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A PUPIL OF EPAMINONDAS.

(*Stained glass window by Lafarge in Memorial Hall, Harvard University.*)

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had been the famous Greek philosopher Aristotle, even as the tutor of his father Philip had been the yet nobler Grecian Epaminondas—an orator, a soldier, a philosopher, and a statesman.

Boys who are bright and have such opportunities for education ought to bring out what is in them. Philip and Alexander did. But our little Alexander had none of these privileges, as a foundation, while the women who brought him up were—well, what you girls would call "just horrid."

In fact, the little fellow's chief obstacles seem to have been his mother and grandmother. His mother, Roxana, was a barbarian princess with more beauty than brains; his grandmother, Olympias, was a fierce and ambitious woman with brains enough, but with more desire to have her own way than to make things easy for little Alexander. His father and grandfather had the advantages of Greek refinement and culture; his mother and grandmother knew only jealousy, hatred, and bloody bickerings, and were not calculated to direct into broad and noble channels the young life committed to their charge. Alexander the Great had the advantage of his famous father's counsel and guidance; Alexander the Little never knew a father's love or pride. Who then shall say what he might not have become, had his father been per-

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mitted to shape his education, his training, and his life?

So, you see, it all went wrong with the poor little fellow from the start. To be sure he was scarcely younger, when he was so cruelly murdered at Amphipolis, than was his father when he rode at the head of armies, or his grandfather when he fought his way back from exile to power. But Alexander the Little had neither the ability nor the will to force success from fortune. He inherited neither his father's push nor his grandfather's persistence; he was first the tool and then the victim of those who made his life so miserable, and when he died, he died.

Thus was the last of the great Alexander's race cut off. For, with the death of this son of Alexander all the mighty plans of the conqueror came to naught. His short-lived empire was broken into pieces; the five generals made themselves kings; and, with many wars and much splitting up of states, the Macedonians held sway in the East until the growing power of Rome overshadowed them, and the grasping hand of Rome gathered them, one by one, into the folds of that mighty state which, as republic and as empire, ruled the world for more than a thousand years.

The name and fame of Alexander the Great outlived even Roman power and sovereignty.

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He stands in history as the world's greatest conqueror and, in certain ways, as the world's mightiest man.

But the father's fame never extended to the son. A royal tramp throughout his earliest years, he became the sad little prince, the unhappy boy prisoner; and, before he was thirteen, the son of Alexander had gone through wandering and worry, loss and misery, fear and persecution, to a secret and tragical death.

The life that had begun in glory and glitter at Babylon, tasted sorrow and privation at Pydna, and went out in horror in the dungeons of that gloomy citadel at Amphipolis. Even the might and glory of the greatest monarch of the ancient world could not cast enough of a shadow to shield or protect the young life that should have been full of promise, and might have been rich in performance.



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III.

THE SON OF CICERO.

(B.C. 51.)

"JUST tell me the rules in Latin, won't you, father?" the boy said. "You have given them to me in Greek, but that means twice thinking, you know; so, if you 'd just as soon, I 'd rather have them in Latin."

Up and down the pillared portico of a stately country house, twelve miles from Rome, a father and son were walking and talking. The house was set well up on the slopes of what were known as the Alban—sometimes as the Latin—Hills; and, as they walked, the boy and his father could look straight across the verdant campagna, or Roman plain, dotted with farms and forests, to the roofs and towers of Rome, or, farther still, to the blue waters of the Mediterranean, sparkling in the sun.

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The father was tall, slender, refined, and scholarly, full of gentle dignity and yet full of animation as well; and, as he talked, his eye lighted with pleasure at the sound of his own voice and the beauty of his well-rounded sentences—for this was a man who talked well, and always loved to hear himself talk. The son was stout, sturdy, well-built, and pleasing enough to look at, though his face lacked the refinement and his form the grace that made his father a leader among the cultured Romans of his day.

The boy appeared interested in his father's flowing talk as they paced the portico, side by side; but every now and then his eyes would look wistfully off toward Rome, and once or twice he would lay his hands upon his lips as if he were having hard work to keep back a yawn. For, if we read the meagre records rightly, he was a lad who liked the circus better than his father's study, and the school of the sword-master and the boxer better than that of the tutor and philosopher, and found more entertainment in a tumbler's show in the street than in all the well-rounded sentences of his father's rules of speech. But he was a lively and attractive young fellow of fourteen, and the apple of his father's eye—that father whom all Romans honored in the days when Pompey and Cæsar were struggling for sovereign power. For the boy who

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asked his father to "tell it in Latin," as they walked up and down the noble portico of that fine country house at Tusculum, was Marcus the son of Cicero, Rome's foremost orator, statesman, patriot, and writer in that year of Rome 702, or, as we reckon time, 51 before Christ.

All young Romans aspired to be orators. The gift of public speaking led to popularity; and popularity was the road to the consulship—the highest office in the gift of the Roman people. So young Marcus, walking with his father in the portico, had asked some questions as to the rules that governed oratory, much to his father's delight. For Cicero had brought his son away from Rome, because he thought the circus interfered too much with the lad's studies. And Cicero did not like the circus, nor the races and beast-baiting and gladiatorial shows that made up so much of Roman life. "To ransom captives and enrich the meaner folk is a nobler form of generosity," he would say, "than providing wild beasts or shows of gladiators to amuse the mob."

So, when young Marcus asked him to "tell it in Latin," his father replied: "There is nothing, my dear boy, that I desire more than that you should know as much as possible. And, as you know, I would willingly postpone my most important occupations in order to help you in your studies."

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With questions from the son and with answers from the father, the conversation grew into a long and scholarly talk, which has come down to us under its Latin title, *De Partitione Oratoria*, or, *On the Divisions of Speaking.* And if you think



A TUMBLER'S SHOW IN THE STREETS OF ROME.

a healthy, hearty, fun-loving, fourteen-year old boy would not get just a bit tired while following out this long talk on oratory, instructive and interesting though it might be to older heads, just hunt up the "dialogues" and translate them for yourselves.

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Young Marcus Cicero lived in stirring days and had an eventful life. He was born in the year 65 B.C., when his illustrious father was forty-three years old and had already, for his great services to the republic, been hailed and honored as "the Father of his Country."

Marcus Tullius Cicero, the greatest Roman of his day, save only the greater Cæsar, was rich, famous, and popular. He owned a splendid city house on the fashionable Palatine Hill in Rome, and he had no less than ten country houses, farms, and villas scattered along the beautiful western shores of Italy. His "dear daughter" Tullia was his especial pet and pride; but Marcus was the only son of his house, the one to whom his name and the most of his wealth would descend, and the loving and ambitious father gave his boy the best of everything. Young Marcus had private tutors, with whom he did not always get on well; he had horses and slaves and followers and a pleasant and happy home and everything a boy could wish for. His cousin Quintus was brought up with him, and the two boys, although they had to study hard, found plenty of time—



"DEAR DAUGHTER" TULLIA.

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"YOUNG MARCUS CAUGHT THE WAR FEVER."

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almost too much, perhaps—for the circus and the baths and the sports and games that all young Romans delighted to frequent and applaud.

Marcus loved and honored his noble father, even though he was often headstrong and did not like study and did like fun. He was proud of his father, too, and apt to be just a trifle too conscious, sometimes, of his position and opportunities as the son of Rome's foremost citizen.

But the boy had known hard times. For, years before, when Marcus was but seven years old, Cicero had been outvoted by his rivals, and had been exiled from Rome by his political enemies—"prohibited from fire and water," so the hostile edict ran. This meant that no one within four hundred miles of Rome could give the exile meat or drink. His beautiful houses in Rome and on the hillside at Tusculum were burned to the ground, and his wife and children were forced to depend upon faithful friends for shelter and succor. But, before long, politics changed completely. Cicero's relentless enemies were themselves overthrown, and after fifteen months of exile, he returned to his home, royally welcomed, and more popular than ever. His houses were rebuilt, fortune smiled on the family again; and when, two years after this glimpse we have of the boy and the father, young Marcus, at sixteen, put on what was called the

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toga virilis, or manly cloak,—in other words, when he became of age, —the name of Cicero was loved and honored throughout the Roman world.

But no sooner was he a man—for Roman boys were "men" at sixteen—than he caught the war fever. Cæsar and Pompey had plunged the nation into civil war and men were taking sides. The Ciceros were republicans and sided with Pompey; and, much against his father's wish, young Marcus enlisted in Pompey's army, and was soon in Greece as a young cavalry officer—a calling for which his training as a hard rider well fitted him. He served with credit for a boy of sixteen, but the battle of Pharsalia was Pompey's overthrow, and the Cicero boys—for Quintus the cousin was with Pompey too—were soon in Rome again.

The war was transferred to Spain, where Pompey's sons took up their father's quarrel. But Cæsar's successes made him popular with the young Romans, and all the boys wished to serve under his banner. Among those restless ones was Marcus, who, after a year's rest at home, came to his father and made a cool request. "Give me," he said, "either a house of my own in Rome or I will go and fight under Cæsar in Spain.

Instead of granting this headstrong request, Cicero compromised by securing for this nineteen-year old boy the office of *ædile*, or Commissioner of

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Public Works, in Arpinum, a town of southern Italy and the birthplace of Cicero. But scarcely was Marcus settled in his new office when a new fancy seized him. He would go to college at Athens, he declared,—for a college education in Greece was in his day the "fad" of young Romans of wealth and refinement.

His father was, of course, delighted with this proposition. So to Athens young Marcus went, with five thousand dollars a year to spend as his college allowance; and he spent it all!

Five thousand dollars a year seems a great sum for a college allowance, does it not? But this young Cicero lived in a time of luxury, when the sons learned extravagance from the fathers. A boy whose father paid fifty thousand dollars for a fancy centre-table might not think himself extravagant in spending five thousand dollars a year at college.

We must remember, too, that some things were quite different in young Cicero's day and ours. The young bloods of Rome—the sons of her "four hundred" we might call them—went about with a train of slaves and hangers-on, whom it took a good deal of money to satisfy. Then young Cicero, as we know, went oftener to the circus than to lectures, and "cut" many a recitation, for the sake of a horse-race, a ball-game, or a prize-fight.

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Does this sound too modern for a Roman story? It is true to the time. People fought over the races in the circus; every public bath had its ball-courts, and the gladiatorial shows in the arena were particularly brutal prize-fights. For athletics could



"YOUNG CICERO WENT OFTENER TO THE CIRCUS THAN TO LECTURES."

be abused in young Mark Cicero's day even as they can in this age of contests—both amateur and professional. Every good thing can be abused, no matter in what stage of the world's development it finds place and popularity.

I am afraid we must admit that young Marcus

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Cicero was a spoiled child. His good father was scarcely the stern Roman parent of whom we have heard so much; he had high hopes for his boy, and overdid things in trying to make life pleasant for him. There have been other fathers besides Cicero; and boys who are spoiled by indulgence rarely become men of mark.

Still, Cicero had ever his son's welfare in view. He did all he could to make him sound, alike in mind and body. It was while he was at college in Athens that Cicero sent to young Marcus those letters of advice on how to act and how to be a man and a gentleman, that have been famous for nineteen centuries. You read them, or will read them, in school or college, under their Latin title *De Officiis*, or Cicero's *Offices*. They are really "points" as to the duties of young men who wish to be men indeed, and they have been well termed "the noblest present ever made by a parent to a child."

Whether or not the father's noble precepts were taken to heart by this boy, who was doing a little too much "cutting up" at Athens, it is not possible to say. Let us hope they were, for a letter may still be read in which young Marcus said how sorry he was he had not been doing well, and how he really meant from that time on to do better and make his mark as a student.

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But into this college career came the call to arms. Cæsar was murdered in Rome. Brutus and Cassius were fighting Mark Antony; and Marcus Cicero, at once, enlisted under the banner of Brutus, the dear friend of his father.

Again he made a fine record as a cavalry officer, as a letter from Brutus to Cicero assures us; while the father's return letter to his son's general says: "As to my son, if his merit be as great as you write, I rejoice at it as much as I ought; if you magnify it, out of love to him, even that gives me the greatest joy, to see that he is beloved by you."

But Cicero was never to see his son again. That very year, 43 B.C., the old patriot fell a victim to his patriotism, and was murdered by order of Mark Antony while his son was fighting under the banner of Brutus. The next year Brutus himself was defeated and killed in the battle of Philippi, and the civil war and the republic were both ended.

After his father's death, young Marcus Cicero drops out of history. We know that in the year 30 B.C. he served one term as consul with Octavius, afterwards the Emperor Augustus, and that he died as governor of Syria; but in neither of these offices did he reach either fame or reputation—save as that of the hardest drinker of his time.

This latter report, as it has come down to us, may be untrue or overstated; but the fact remains

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YOUNG MARK CICERO LEADING A CAVALRY CHARGE.

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that the boy who was so tenderly watched over and so finely educated by his father, whose opportunities were so many, and who lived at a time which was one of the most notable of the world's great epochs, instead of leaving the record that should have been his as the son of Cicero, really "petered out," as the saying is, and left no mark of merit or especial honor by which men might recall his name, or point to him with pride as truly the son of his illustrious father.

And yet, let us make all the allowance and see all the good that we can in this son of Cicero. The opinions of people are often governed by their personal likes or dislikes, and perhaps those who said spiteful things of young Cicero did so because he was not of their sort, their party, or their following. We will admit that he was a trifle "fast" as a young man; but not many college boys can stand the temptation of five thousand a year and their own way. Even the story of his being the hardest drinker in Rome is open to doubt. He took to drinking, so we are assured, as many other men have done—of course, that showed a weakness—because of grief over his father's murder. He has the record of having been a brave soldier; a fighter against Cæsar's usurpations; a patriot, like his father, until opposition became useless.

He accepted the change. The Emperor Augus-

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tus honored him. He was repeatedly elected to office; he was made augur, Commissioner of the Mint, consul, and governor of a province. A no-account man could scarcely have reached to such prominence.

Of course, we can explain this public advancement by saying that young Marcus was honored because he was the son of his father. In fact, Seneca the philosopher said of him: "And what made young Cicero consul, except his father?"

Not that Seneca's fling is to be put down to his credit. I am not sure that Seneca was the proper person to pose as a successful "bringer-up" of boys. He was Nero's tutor, you remember.

But, after all, it may not have been Seneca's teaching so much as Nero's nature and surroundings that were at fault. And, as to young Marcus Cicero, we are to remember that he was not the only man in history—or out of it—who has been pushed forward because of his father's position. I am afraid, also, that, even had he been a marked success as a man, his name and career would have been overshadowed by the greatness of his father—in many respects one of the best and greatest men of ancient times.

The great Cicero had his faults, however. Though a patriot, he was not always immovable in his patriotism; and though noble, he was vain

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and sometimes insincere. But, in a time of brilliant wickedness and bold treachery, he was eminently a good man, a true citizen, a lover of his country and of the world. He was an honest official, a just governor, an affectionate father, a forgiving friend —the brightest intellect, the matchless orator, of Rome's most cultured epoch. It is hard work for a boy of moderate ability to live up to such a record.



ONE OF THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE ROMANS—A SEA FIGHT IN THE CIRCUS.

Do not misunderstand me, boys and girls. I do not say a boy cannot live up to it. I simply say it is a hard work to do so. But we must never refuse to

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follow our ideals because they seem too far beyond our reach. Men and women are, after all, what they make themselves; not what their fathers make them. Ideals are helps toward progress; but a boy who is true to the best that is in him, and who casts aside as worthless, thoughts and desires that are low or base or mean, is bound to get ahead and achieve a position for himself in his community or the world, no matter whether his father was a day-laborer in New York, or the greatest orator of old Rome.

But in no land is this more certain to be true than in our splendid America of to-day. Remember this, boys and girls. Everything excellent is possible to the young American. But, alike, the successes and the failures of the past may be studied as guides or warnings. So, whether we admit that young Mark Cicero displayed any or none of the abilities of his great father, we can at least agree in the judgment that, had he improved all his opportunities and tried hard to pattern himself upon his illustrious father, he would not, at least, have fallen so far short of achievement as his story forces us to admit that he did. It pays for all of us to do our "level best."

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IV.

THE SON OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

(A.D. 175.)

THE Men of the Marches were up in arms and the great emperor had sent for his son. What with war in Syria and war in Germany and war along the Danube, this soldier, who never loved war and who hated fighting, had his hands full of that detestable business.

For nearly fourteen years had he, the Emperor of Rome, been absent from the great city he loved; he had lived in the camp and the saddle, and meanwhile his boy had been growing up at Rome with neither a father's counsels nor a father's watchful care. True, the boy had been provided with tutors and governors, with slaves and attendants, with companions and advisers, but his was a headstrong nature and a wilful temper, and those who served him or sought to direct and guide him, had but a sorry task, which they either performed with fear

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and trembling, or shirked altogether. So, being now fifteen, and, according to Roman custom, almost a man, the boy had come, in answer to his father's summons, and under the charge of his governor, Galen, the famous physician, to the fortified camp of the Roman legionaries at Carnuntum, on the Danube, a few miles east of the present city of Vienna.

He was a beautiful boy. His marble bust, to be seen in the Museum of the Louvre in Paris, shows us this Roman prince of thirteen as a manly-looking little fellow, full of promise, of expectancy, and of grace.

Look at him, as he stands before his father, dressed in the gilded trappings that he has just put on—the uniform of a Roman general. His golden cuirass, embossed with the Roman eagles, sets off his well-knit frame—for this young fellow has both the build and the training of a gladiator; the skirts of his purple-bordered tunic fall nearly to his greave-defended knees; the military mantle hangs gracefully from his sturdy shoulders, and from the light helmet that crowns his curly golden hair to his low-laced boots and the eagle-tipped baton in his hand, he looks the play-soldier, the embodiment of patrician beauty, pride, and grace, centred in a high-bred Roman boy.

Thus stood in his father's quarters at Carnuntum,

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THE EMPEROR COMMODUS AS "HERCULES."

(From the bust in the Capitol at Rome.)

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that spring day in the year 175, the handsome young Roman, called Prince of the Youth, known in history as Commodus, the son of Marcus Aurelius, the scholar-king, and noblest of all the Roman emperors.

But, though a picture to look at, this boy Commodus had already caused his kingly father deep concern. He was then thirteen years old; but only the year before, because a careless servant had not sufficiently heated his bath, he had ordered the poor fellow flung into the furnace—a fine performance for a thirteen-year-old boy!

It was because he was so headstrong and overbearing that his gentle father summoned him to the camp on the Danube, so that in the midst of the daily duties and stern realities of a soldier's life, the boy might be aroused to a sense of what was expected of him as a soldier of Rome and the great empire's future head.

There were ample opportunities to find these duties and realities in the war with the brave and persistent Marcomanni—the "Men of the Marches," or Danube borders. They lived in what is now Bohemia, but even in the days of the Antonines they so crowded Rome on the frontier that they seem, really, to have been the vanguard of those so-called "Barbarians" who in time overrun and overthrew Imperial Rome.

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Just how much real fighting was done by young Commodus in his glittering general's uniform I cannot say; he never was a real fighter if he could help himself; he was a brawler, a stirrer-up of trouble, a lover of hot water for other people; but he was never a brave and valiant soldier. Be this as it may, the "Men of the Marches" were at last forced into submission for a time, at least, and in the summer of the year 176 the boy and his father went back to Rome.

There, upon his fifteenth birthday, the 31st of August, Commodus, as we should say nowadays, gave up wearing knickerbockers and put on long trousers—in other words, he assumed the *toga virilis* or "manly mantle." This change of dress made a man of him in the eyes of the people and the law; he was declared "free" or "of age," and was recognized as the assistant of his father in the government of the great empire.

Honors in plenty had been showered upon this Roman boy. At five he was proclaimed Cæsar, or "heir to the purple," at fourteen he was made a member of what were called the "sacred colleges," and named "Prince of the Youth" (a sort of King of Boys, this must have been); and after he had put on the toga, or mantle, on his fifteenth birthday, he was made Tribune, and named as Consul and Imperator.

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On top of all these honors the Roman Senate decreed that the boy and his father should have what was called a "triumph"—a great processional display because of their victory over the "Men of the Marches." And, if the young prince was proud and "stuck up" before, what must he have been after this great street show given in his honor on the twenty-third day of December in the year 176?

It was, indeed, enough to turn any boy's head. Through the Triumphal Gate and down the sacred street, with the armed police clearing the way, came the glittering procession—the magistrates and senators of Rome, marching two by two, the trumpeters, the long string of wagons filled with booty, the trophies captured from the enemy, the flute-players with the priests and the sacrificial white oxen, the line of captives, the lictors in single file,—and then, the emperors!

In a gilded chariot drawn by four prancing horses stood the Imperial father and son, the Augusti, the Antonines, the Emperors of Rome. Their tunics were of flowered silk, their mantles were gold-embroidered, upon their bared heads rested the laurel wreaths of victory, and, in their hands they held, each, the kingly sceptre and the victor's bough of laurel.

With cheer and shout the thronging people hailed the emperors as gods, as the long proces-

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sion, closed by a brilliant calvacade of Roman knights and rank upon rank of the victorious legions bearing laurel-encircled spears, clattered along the sacred street to offer sacrifices to the great Jupiter of the Capitol in honor of the victory.

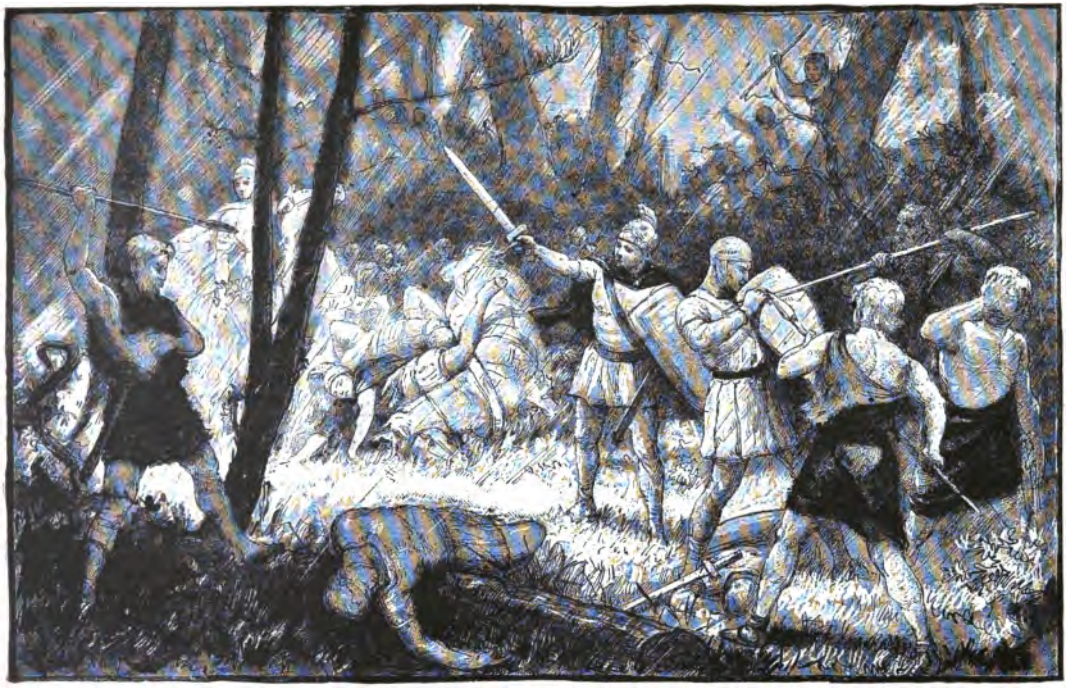
It was a proud day for the father; and yet he was full of anxiety for his boy, fearing lest all this praise and pomp and flattery should hinder rather than help him. It was a proud day for the son; but he thought only of his own importance and was full of plans as to what he would do when he alone was the Emperor! For Marcus Aurelius, though scarcely fifty-six, looked, already, like an old man, while his son was full of life and vigor, of strength and hope.

The next year the young Commodus was married. This was the occasion for another brilliant display, with shows and games to please the shouting people. Then the Barbarians along the Danube again broke out in war. Once more the legions marched out of Rome; and the father and son, dressed in their war-gear, stood before the temple of the goddess of war and hurled against its door a bloody spear, thereby declaring war against the Barbarians. [1]

For two years they fought along the Danube.

[1] See frontispiece.

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65 "FOR TWO YEARS THEY FOUGHT ALONG THE DANUBE."

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Then, one sad day in March in the year 180, Marcus Aurelius died at Vindobona, now Vienna. Commodus, at nineteen, was master of the Roman world.

But before Marcus Aurelius died, the thought of his son as his successor, and his knowledge of the boy's wayward and uncertain nature, weighed heavily on the good emperor. Calling about him his friends and advisers, he told them that now they had the opportunity to prove the gratitude and love they had so often expressed in words. "Here," he said, "you see my son, whom you yourselves have educated, just reaching the age of manhood, and, like a ship in the midst of storms and surging waves, in need of pilots. My fear is that inexperience may prove his ruin. Show yourselves toward him as many fathers, in place of me. Take care of him, and give him counsel. For store of riches are of no avail to a tyrant who is destitute of power; and no body-guard is sufficient to protect a ruler who does not possess the affections of his subjects . . ." To which he added other words of wisdom and direction, and then said: "Impress these thoughts upon my son; recall them often to his remembrance; make your ruler a glory to yourselves and all the world. Thus will you perform the greatest honor to my memory. Thus, only, can you make my name immortal."

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I wish I could say that these pleadings of a noble father were of avail. But they were not. Neither these words of warning, nor those remarkable *Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*, which he left in manuscript especially for the benefit of his son, and which for years have made his name revered and honored as a great teacher, had any effect on this boy, who at nineteen became master of the world.

As if the death of his father were a relief from restraint, Commodus hurried up a disgraceful peace with the warlike "Men of the Marches" and hastened to Rome where, for twelve years, he lived a life of selfishness, pleasure, tyranny, cruelty, and crime that can neither be explained nor excused unless we say, as do some historians, that Commodus was crazy.

He was as great a tyrant as his father had been noble, as wicked as his father had been good, as small as his father had been great. His only claim to remembrance, indeed, is that he was about the worst of the Roman emperors; and when he was murdered, in the year 180, no one was sorry.

It is hard to account for Commodus. But all things must be accounted for. He was certainly everything his father was not. Marcus Aurelius came very near to being a saint—Commodus was the meanest kind of a sinner; Marcus Aurelius

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69 MASTER OF THE WORLD AT NINETEEN.

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was a philosopher—Commodus was a clown; Marcus Aurelius despised brutal festivals—Commodus almost lived in the circus; Marcus Aurelius was a peace-lover—Commodus was a butcher; Marcus



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS AND FAUSTINA IN ROME.

Aurelius was absolutely unselfish—Commodus made a hog seem a gentleman; Marcus Aurelius was a teacher enthroned—Commodus was simply a crowned gladiator.

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And yet—Marcus Aurelius persecuted the Christians, and Commodus protected them! History is odd enough in its conundrums, is it not?

One would think that Marcus Aurelius with all his knowledge of the world and his desire to do just the right thing for his fellow-men would have recognized the absolute unfitness of Commodus for kingship, and have named some one else as his successor. It was his right to do so, and he certainly had, what are called precedents. Other Roman emperors, before his day, had picked out and named their own successors.

The natural love of the father, however, seems to have overborne the foresight of the ruler, and Commodus succeeded his father on the throne. What a wreck he made of his opportunities, I have endeavored to show you.

Neither must we unload the responsibility for the utter badness of this boy Commodus upon his mother, though that has been one of the pet theories of history.

For, as careful students of the past now assure us, the Empress Faustina, the wife of Marcus Aurelius and the mother of Commodus, has been the victim of a spiteful misrepresentation for fully seventeen centuries. Gossip and slander and misunderstanding have blackened her memory and her name. It has even been claimed by her detractors

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that she poisoned her husband. The latest word about her, however, "begs the question," and decides that she was either the worst or the most maligned of women. One historian declares her to have been the victim of the jealous tongues of certain so-called scholars, who bored her so dreadfully that at last she did not care whether they knew it or not. She showed this plainly, and they took revenge upon her with their pens. I am quite sure that Marcus Aurelius would never have said all the beautiful things about her that he did, nor have done all the splendid things he did in her memory, after she died at his side among his soldiers, had he known her to be a wicked woman. He would not be likely to, I know; he never lied. Men called him the Truth-teller.

And yet—and yet—and yet we come back to the question: How shall we account for Commodus?

It is not enough to say, the father was good, the boy was bad,—and dismiss the case thus. The life of Commodus is, to a certain extent, a commentary on his times. He was really not much worse than the men he ruled over. He was what he was because the times were what they were.

But this is only a general sort of an explanation. The simple truth appears to be that Commodus was a boy of weak nature and excessive egotism,

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spoiled by flattery and ruined by false friends. He never really had a home ; for nearly half his boyhood his father and mother were away from him in the camps and frontier towns of the great empire. Those who should have disciplined him let him have his own way, and thought more of flattering the prince than of schooling the boy. At nineteen the world was his. Unlimited power came into his hands. The weakness and foolishness of his nature got the upper hand. The parasites who hung upon him, puffed him up with pride and gratified his slightest whim. The low tastes that he developed, his love of making a show of himself, the conclusion that it was stupid to be good, and that virtue did n't pay,—these all combined to steer him in the wrong direction, and to make a boy who might have been disciplined into decency, a base, brutal, and vindictive tyrant, who was a craven because he was a coward, and a nuisance because he was a fool. At last, he caught what is known as the blood-madness of despots, and became simply a crazy clown who knew neither love, respect, justice, nor right—a blot on history, and a disgrace to mankind.

I am willing to make all due allowance even for so disgraceful a specimen of the human race, and set down part of the blame against the times in which he lived. Both he and they were, as Shakspere

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tells us, "out of joint." Commodus was the creature of his time. The Roman Empire of his day was bad, false, rotten, slowly going to decay. Marcus Aurelius was simply out of place. He belonged rather to the day of Brutus and of Cato than to the Rome of the second century. He tried



ONE OF THE PLEASURES OF COMMODUS—A GLADIATORIAL COMBAT IN THE CIRCUS.

his best to elevate the Roman world, but it had fallen too low to be elevated. Nothing under God's grace could save it but Christianity, and it had to get lower yet before Christianity began its slow and bitter redemption. We can't excuse any boy or girl who turns out badly by saying they

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could n't help themselves. They can. Each one of us has goodness enough stowed away somewhere to build a noble life upon. If we fail to find that goodness and build upon it, the fault is that of no one but ourselves. I am willing to take into account surroundings and example and the way a fellow is brought up. And yet, I feel bound to say that if we make shipwreck of our lives I don't see that we have any one but ourselves to blame. For, even in the worst of times, the brightest lives have bloomed into gracious and saint-like personalities.

So the story of Commodus ends badly. It is not only a bad but a sad ending to a story that might have turned out all right. It is but another instance of the singular fact that, sometimes, the best of fathers have the worst of sons. Much was to be expected of the son of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; but he was a terrible disappointment. An ungovernable boy is always spoiled by prosperity. If he had been obliged to go through trouble and hard times he might have turned out better. Adversity is said to be an excellent teacher; but among all the tutors and instructors of Commodus of Rome this was about the only teacher to whom he never did go to school. It would have been better for him and for the world if he had.

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V.

THE SON OF CONSTANTINE.

(A.D. 330.)

THE Emperor Constantine, called the Victorious, the Great, the August, determined to erect to himself a monument that should be eternal. So, upon the seven hills of the Golden Horn, from whose heights he could look upon both Europe and Asia, Constantine built a city, whose name has stood for centuries as his monument, though the city was long since lost by his successors.

Lance in hand, the great Emperor walked over the hills tracing out the limits of his new city. And when those who followed him, wearied with the walk, asked how far he would advance, the emperor replied, "Until He who leads me stops."

Thus arose Constantinople. So busily did its imperial builder work, that in four years' time the new city was built. And when, on the eleventh

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day of May, in the year 330, the splendid capital, with its palaces and porticoed forum, with its churches instead of pagan temples (for its builder was the first Christian Emperor of Rome), with its baths and fountains and great hippodrome or circus, was dedicated to God and the Empire, Constantine called his three sons to take part with him in the ceremonies that announced the completion of the royal city.

These three sons of Constantine were as different in character as in age. The eldest, Flavius Claudius Constantinus, was fourteen years old, and rather slow and stupid; the second, Flavius Julius Constantius, was thirteen, and pushing and conceited; the youngest, Flavius Julius Constans, was ten, and blunt and touchy.

These three Flavian boys, as you see by the "Flavius" in each of their names, belonged with their father, the great Constantine, to the Flavian family. The second of these boys,—known to history as Constantius—was his father's favorite. He lived the longest of the three, and came the nearest to his father in ability; so it is of Constantius that I elect to tell you, as I endeavor to put on record the story of the son of Constantine.

These three brothers never loved each other very much, but they were selfish enough to work together when it was their interest to do so. They

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THE TRAINING OF THE SON OF CONSTANTINE—A BOAR FIGHT IN THE FORESTS OF SIRMIUM.

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appear to have lived in different parts of the great Empire, and to have had, even as boys, their separate courts, attendants, surroundings, and education.

The boy Constantius was born on the sixth of August, in the year 317, in the city of Sirmium, now the Austrian town of Metrovitz, on the river Save, near where it flows into the Danube. His father had been seven years Emperor of Rome when the boy was born, and the name and power of Constantine were supreme throughout the length and breadth of the great Empire, from Scotland to Syria, and from the Nile to the Danube and the Rhine.

The boy was brought up in the castle-palace at Sirmium, and his father provided for him teachers in every branch of instruction, both for the body and the mind. Like his elder brother, he was dull of brain, but, unlike him, he had ambition and determination. As a student he was what the school-boys nowadays call a "dig," but he had little fancy and less wit, and if he were in your class at school he would hold his place not by his brilliancy but by what we might call his "stick-to-it-iveness." But he seems to have been a good "all-round" athlete, for in all out-of-door sports and exercises he had a fine record; he grew up to be a sinewy gymnast, a notable archer, a daring

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horseman and a skilful handler of all the war weapons of his day.

He was not agreeable either as boy or man ; but it was his persistency and his push that carried him through all the obstacles that jealousy and civil strife threw in his path, and made him at last head and master of the Roman world.

On the twenty-second of May, in the year 337, Constantine the Great died, and was buried in the new Church of the Holy Apostles which he had built at Constantinople. He was neither agreeable to live with nor pleasant to know ; and yet, not because of what he was, but of what he did, he has been rightfully placed among the world's great men.

Constantius was twenty years old when his father died. He was fighting the Persians in Asia, and when the news reached him, he came leisurely back to Constantinople, planning as he came, how he might get the best of his brothers.

But before he could put into operation any of his plans against them there were other obstacles to be removed. The sons of Constantine must rule alone ; they could not risk the possibility of any uncle or cousin seeking to divide their great realm with them. So their first act was a deed of blood, from which not even the excuse that all kings acted in that way in those bad old days takes

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THE TRAGEDY AT SIRMIUM. 83

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away the exceptional cruelty and treachery. The brothers promised their relations protection and love, got them together in the palace at Constantinople, and then murdered them all,—two uncles, seven cousins, and two brothers-in-law. Only a sickly boy of twelve and a little fellow of six were spared; and it is curious to remember that this boy of six, when he grew to manhood, became first the assistant and then the conqueror of his emperor-cousin, and ruled as one of the "good emperors" of Rome—the Emperor Julian.

When this dreadful crime had been accomplished—and history gives all the credit of the treacherous deed to the crafty and quiet Constantius—the three sons of Constantine met in the palace of Constantius at Sirmium and there divided between them their father's mighty empire. But Constantius, always looking out for Number One, proved again the smartest of the three boys, and got the lion's share, as usual.

As I have already told you, the three brothers did not love each other very much, and, before long, they fell to quarrelling. They were all "Christians," though of a rather peculiar kind; but they quarrelled about their faith—for each one held to a different belief, and followed opposing priests or teachers; they quarrelled about their land, and kept crowding into each other's territory; and altogether

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they lived in anything but brotherly love. But Constantius was smart enough and shrewd enough to leave the real fighting to his two brothers. They kept at it until, first, Constantinus the elder and then Constans the younger were killed off—the first surprised in an ambush, the second murdered by a rebel. Then, with all his rivals and all his enemies out of his way, the crafty Constantius became, in the year 350, just what he had been working for since his father's death—the only living son of Constantine and sole Emperor of Rome.

He was a peculiar and by no means an agreeable man. Constantine the father had many faults, but he was great in ability and in action; Constantius the son was great in nothing but conceit, and small in every virtue in which he might have patterned after, even if he could not have equalled, his famous father. He was a bow-legged little fellow, full of all the ridiculous affectations in which so many little men who claim to be great indulge. He knew that he was wanting in his father's brilliant gifts, and so he was cunning enough—for he was a shrewd one!—to hide his youth and inexperience and lack of knowledge under an air of dignity which fooled many people into believing that he really was a great man. He would sit motionless for hours, as if to make folks think he was in deep thought over grave matters. He pretended to know a great

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87 THE VISION OF CONSTANTINE.

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deal, and loved to make long and stupid speeches to his courtiers, to show them how eloquent he could be. If a man did him a good turn he at once grew suspicious, and he was jealous of whoever served the empire successfully in war or peace. He made a pretence of being very religious, because in his time Christianity had been made the state religion; he was, however, anything but a follower of the gentle Jesus, whose cross had replaced the eagles of Rome on the standards and banners of the empire ever since the day, forty years before, when the great Constantine saw (or said he saw) in the midnight sky, the wonderful vision of a flaming cross, and read the startling command: "In this conquer!" In fact, this weak and crafty son of Constantine was much like the man described by the poet Dryden:

> "Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by starts and nothing long."

In the year 357 he made a grand visit to Rome. In that old capital of the empire no emperor had been seen for over thirty years. The displays and shows that occupied the most of his thirty days in Rome were so brilliant and attracted such crowds that even the inordinate vanity of this stupidly vain emperor was satisfied, and he declared that all the world had come to see and honor him. This visit

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to Rome is of interest to the American boys and girls of to-day because, as a memorial of it, Constantius transported to Rome from its temporary home in Alexandria one of those Egyptian obelisks, wrongfully known as "Cleopatra's needles," the mate to which was, in 1880, transported from Alexandria to New York, and set up in the Central Park.

This dull but despotic son of Constantine ruled the Roman Empire for twenty-five years, and died in the year 361 at the age of forty-five. At the time of his death he was marching westward to fight his brave and plucky young cousin Julian, whom he had made his associate in the business of ruling the empire, and had then nagged and worried into rebellion. His sudden death saved Rome from civil war, for Julian was at once hailed as emperor, and Constantius was speedily forgotten.

It is a pity that thus far in our study of these sons of great men, every son of his father has proved as small as his father had been great. I am not sure, for instance, that this highly objectionable Constantius was not as low down in the scale of manliness as possible. Even that boy-monster of a Commodus had more of what is called "snap." Let us see if we can explain or mitigate any of his evil strain.

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I suspect, as you read the old histories and grow better acquainted with the men and manners of the olden time, you will come to the conclusion that men in power feared their own kin even more than their foreign foes. Whenever one of them had a son that seemed, as you boys say, "worth his salt," he went to work to kill him off. That, at least, seems to have been what Constantine did—he whom the world calls the Great, and reveres as the first Christian emperor. The only brilliant son he had was Crispus, half-brother to this sneak of a Constantius. He was the eldest son of Constantine, and should have been his heir. But, to judge from the record, just as soon as he had shown himself brave and brainy and good for something, Constantine feared that he would become too popular, and put an end to him. I imagine you will say, as did one American boy to whom I told this story: "Thank you, I prefer my own father, even if he is just an ordinary, every-day American."

As to the mother of Constantius, stories differ, as they often do. Certainly we must believe that the household of the great Constantine was not by any means a "happy family." Fausta, the mother of Constantius, proved herself a good and helpful wife to his mighty father. She was as loyal and upright and affectionate as it was possible to be in so jealous and divided a home. When she

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heard that her step-son Crispus was plotting treason against the emperor his father, of course she believed it. No one thought of doubting such charges in those days; so, without stopping to investigate, she accused him; and Constantine, as promptly, had the young man killed. Thereupon Helena, the mother of Constantine, who did not love her daughter-in-law, and did love Prince Crispus far better than the sons of Empress Fausta, started in to make things as unpleasant as she could for Fausta. History assures us that Helena, the mother of Constantine, was a vigorous and very determined old lady, who never gave up what she set out to do—whether it was to revenge herself on a rival or find the true cross of the gentle Christ, whose precepts she and her family preached but did not practise. So you may be sure that she succeeded in this quarrel with her daughter-in-law. She worked upon Constantine, her son, so persistently, that at last he gave up his scruples and ordered the murder of Fausta the empress, who had been his faithful wife for twenty years.

Thus, as Shakspere says,

> "bad begins,
> But worse remains behind."

I will not go into these "worse" details however. They have no immediate bearing on our present

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story, and they are not pleasant reading. Indeed, one is led to agree with good Mr. Boffin, in Dickens's story of *Our Mutual Friend.* You remember, perhaps, that when Mr. Wegg, "with a wooden leg," had finished his first night's reading of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Mr. Boffin mopped his head as he had a way of doing when he was worried or disturbed; "Wegg takes it easy," he said, "but to an old bird like myself these are Scarers! I did n't think this morning there was half so many Scarers in Print."

Mr. Boffin was quite right. The story of Rome's degradation and decline is full of "scarers"; and not the least of these are the deeds of cruelty and perfidy that stain the records of the first Christian emperors.

And, just here, a line from another great writer comes in as a side-light. That deep thinker, John Stuart Mill, wrote: "It is one of the most tragical facts of all history that Constantine rather than Marcus Aurelius was the first Christian Emperor. It is a bitter thought how different the Christianity of the world might have been, had it been adopted under the auspices of Marcus Aurelius instead of those of Constantine."

Most of us might feel prompted to make the same remark as we read the history of the world. But there is this to be said: Constantine was an

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organizer; Marcus Aurelius was not. It needed the mind of a Constantine rather than of a Marcus Aurelius to set the world aright in the track of progress, in the day when Roman civilization was running so rapidly to seed.

So when we come to "size up" Constantine, as the saying is, I imagine that we must separate the man from the monarch. For the world looks more at what a man has done than at what he was. As a man, Constantine scarcely deserved the title of "the great." His family life was dreadful. He was a poor husband, a bad father, and a worse uncle. Masterful as a young man, he became tyrannical as he grew old. As you boys might say of him, he could pray with one hand and stab with the other. But here again the times in which he lived must stand in some measure as a key to his character. To-day we do not think of the big, red-faced, thick-necked, yellow-wigged, piercing-eyed, flashily dressed man of fifty, with a helmet always on his head, and a spear always in his hand. We forget his despotism, his cruelty, his arrogance, and his suspicion. We remember only what the world owes him. We recall only his fearlessness, his wisdom, his foresight, his leadership, his tolerance, his statesmanship, his sagacity, and see in him the founder of the system of government from which our own security and safety sprang,—the intelligent

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leader of men, who directed the changing thought of the world out of the chaos of paganism into the upbuilding force of Christianity. For this reason is he Constantine the Great—a man, as Dean Stanley says, "not to be imitated or admired, but much to be remembered, and deeply to be studied."

As for his son Constantius, perhaps those of you who believe in the worth of athletics, and think that they result in placing a sound mind in a sound body, will assert that he cannot have been so poor a specimen of a man as I have pictured him. Let us see if we can find any good traits about him. He was a first-class athlete, and a fairly good soldier. I know a boy who claims that Constantius was a dutiful son, because, when he found that his father had left a paper bidding him kill off his uncles and cousins, he obeyed him and did so. Well, perhaps that was obedience; but it is hardly a thing to be proud of. Constantius, too, we are told, spared his rival, Vetranio, whom some of the malcontents set up as emperor. But that was the shrewd policy of the crafty Constantius. Vetranio was an incapable old man, the tool and catspaw of others, and to entrap those others Constantius found him of more service living than dead, and therefore posed as "the merciful emperor."

We are assured, also, by those who wish to say

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a good word for Constantius, that he was a lover of peace; that he was a moral man when goodness was not in fashion; sober, when drunkenness was counted a virtue; an excellent scholar, and the friend of scholars.

This may all be so, but the list of virtues is small and poverty-stricken when, against them, we must set down the fact that this young Constantius was as superstitious as he was pedantic; as suspicious as he was rapacious; as artificial as he was cowardly; as cruel as he was heartless; and as crafty as he was sordid, mean, and base.

No, I am afraid we cannot make out any sort of a case in favor of this unlovely emperor. The times, I know, were bad; the hearts of men were cruel, and power made them ruthless, odious, covetous, and faithless. But that is not a sufficient excuse. Power is given us to use for the uplifting of man; godliness should never be a cloak for vice, and no man, be he emperor or slave, president or coal heaver, can ever afford to play the bully. Constantine was great because he worked for great ends; Constantius was little because he worked only for himself. The selfishness that looks out for Number One never backs up a man in the noblest of all fights—self-conquest; it never helps the world along, and never leaves a name for mankind to admire, remember, or honor.

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I wish the story of Flavius Julius Constantius had turned out better. He had a great name and he should have made a great success of his life. But, alas ! he did not. His life was a failure. With great opportunities, but without ability to use these opportunities either for the glory of the empire or the good of his fellow-men, this son of Constantine was unable to uphold his father's greatness or his father's fame. As a Christian emperor he might have made Rome an example to the world as a glorious and tolerant Christian nation. Instead, he was a bigot, and selfish ; unlike his father, whose ideas were vast and whose plans were wise, he was petty, small, and mean. He lives in history under the bloody title of "the man-hunter of his race," and he is dismissed from the world's story with the remark that "he inherited the defects without the abilities of his father." Perhaps, after all, it was well for the world that in him died the last of the Constantines.

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VI.

THE SON OF MAHOMET.

(A.D. 630.)

UPON all the land of Arabia lay the hand of the "Prophet of God,"—Mohammed, the son of Abdallah. The camel-driver had become a king; the shepherd-boy the mightiest of the mighty. He who had been jeered at as the crazy man of Mount Hira, who had been stoned away from the gates of Taif, and had fled for his life from his own home town of Mecca, was now, after twenty years of struggle, of persecution, and of perseverance, Master of his homeland, Lawgiver of Arabia, the acknowledged Prophet of the one and only God. Kings sought his friendship, chieftains accepted him as leader, thousands upon thousands of devoted followers adored him, reverenced him, died for him. His story is, indeed, one of the most wonderful of all the romances of history.

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It was the year 630 A.D. Mecca, the city of his youth, the city that had derided, persecuted, exiled, and fought him, had, on the first day of January, opened its gates to Mohammed—or Mahomet, as his name is popularly rendered—as its conqueror, its master, and its lord. And the wise prophet, instead of steeping his conquest in blood, after the fashion of those bloody days, had forgiven the people of Mecca the slights, the insults, and the outrages they had put upon him and his followers, and, by his gentleness and magnanimity in the hour of triumph, had made the men of Mecca converts to his faith and defenders of his banner.

But dearer to his heart than conquest and victory, dearer even than his acceptance by this very city of Mecca he had striven so long and determinedly to possess, was the knowledge that, at his home in Medina, two hundred and fifty miles to the north, —the "faithful city" that had believed in and accepted him when all others refused and repelled him,—was the little boy who was to take up the work when he should lay it down, who should by voice and sword spread the knowledge of the one and only God north and south, east and west, until all lands and all peoples should accept the truth and repeat the simple creed: There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!

So, when the triumph at Mecca was complete;

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when, in the valley of Honain the last rebel had been defeated and subdued; when, within the sacred temple of the Kaaba, before the black stone that fell from heaven, three hundred and sixty idols, including the great red agate god himself, had been hewed and hacked into pieces; when, over all the conquered places, the Moslem banner of green and gold, consecrated by the prophet himself, floated unchallenged and triumphant—then Mohammed (the "one who is praised," his name means), the conqueror, lawgiver, and king, returned to his humble home at Medina, threw aside his honors and his absorbing thoughts, and played with his baby boy as freely and as joyfully as if he had no great cares upon his mind, no mighty plans in his brain, nor, in his heart, one overpowering desire for the conversion and uplifting of the world.

Upon the spot where El-Kaswa ("the slit-eared"), Mohammed's famous camel, first knelt down in Medina for the Prophet to alight, when that city had accepted and welcomed him, Mohammed built a modest sort of church, called, from the Arabic word that means "to adore," a mosque. The land upon which the camel knelt down belonged to two orphan boys, and in their ardor they wished to present the land to the Prophet. Here, when his mosque was built—it was simply a low building of

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THE SHEPHERD BOY WHO BECAME A KING.

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brick and mud, thatched with palm branches—Mohammed sat daily, preaching, teaching, discussing, judging, governing, and receiving embassies sent from chieftains and kings to do him homage, acknowledging him in the name of their masters as master and ruler of the New Arabia.

Close beside the Mosque of the Prophet, as this plain little church was called, stood the row of humble mud-built, palm-thatched cottages in which lived Mohammed and his wives. And in one of these cottages, watched over by his Coptic mother and his Arab nurse, lay the year-old Ibrahim, the son of Mohammed.

The man who had redeemed Arabia from idolatry, immorality, cruelty, and greed, might have had a splendid palace, filled with treasure and cared for by an army of slaves; for those who followed and revered him thought nothing too good for the leader whom they believed to be, as he proclaimed himself, the Prophet of God. But Mohammed's tastes were simple, and his wants were few. So he and his family lived in the little low, mud-plastered cottages in Medina, which the Prophet himself had helped to build and in which he did the work of a servant, lighting the fires, sweeping the floors, and milking the goats. His home and his table were open and free to all, and his generosity was such that he was often without food or money in his

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house. He was fond of children, and liked nothing better than a romp with his little Ibrahim, playing with his toys, laughing, chattering, singing with him, for all the world like many a fond and not famous father of to-day in some out-of-the-way village of Christian America.

Ibrahim was the son of the Prophet's old age. One by one he had seen his other boys sicken and die. Kasim, the eldest, and next, the little Abdallah, had gone from him as little babies, years before, when he was in the midst of worries and struggles. Ibrahim was the child of his triumphs —the son who was to succeed to the glories the father had won, and who was to bring to perfection the plans for the world's conversion which this old man of sixty held close to his heart, but could scarcely hope to live to carry out.

The year when Mohammed fled from Mecca to Medina—from rejection to acceptance—was called "the year of flight," the Hijra, or "Hegira," as we pronounce the Arabic word. This flight was made on the twentieth of June in the year of our Lord 622. This is the year One of the Mohammedan calendar. According to this chronology the date of Ibrahim's birth was in the sixth year of the Hegira, when his father was fifty-seven years old, or in the year 628 A.D.

This brown little Arabian baby would look up

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105 EL-KASWA, THE CAMEL.

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into the big restless, black eyes of his brown-faced, handsome father, answering smile for smile, and would coo back his appreciation of the father's caressing speech, just as thousands of Christian babies do for thousands of loving Christian fathers. But, sometimes, this stately father, with the noble head and the restless eyes, would grow grave as he looked down upon his only son, and would say to one who stood beside him: "The heart of the old is always young in two things, my brother, in love for the world and in length of hope. In these it is young, even as is this son of mine, for whom I hope so much and whom I so dearly love; for, verily, he who is not loving to God's creatures and to his own children, God will not be loving to him."

Or again, looking at his son and thinking of his own childhood and his long struggle for recognition and a foothold, he would repeat softly that verse from his book of precepts that he prepared for his followers—the Quran or Koran, which signifies "that which ought to be read"—the verse that is prefaced, "In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful," and which his followers know as "The Splendor of the Morning":

"In the splendor of the morning,
And the stillness of the night,
The Lord hath not forsaken thee;

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The Lord hath never hated thee;
The Lord will surely make for thee
A future fair and bright.

"Thy Lord will surely give thee gifts
Till pleasure great is thine—
He found thee weak and sheltered thee;
He found thee lost and guided thee;
He found thee poor and dowered thee—
His goodness is divine.

"To Him whose almoner thou art
Give back what He will claim:
As for the weak, oppress him not;
As for the suppliant, chide him not;
As for God's bounty, hide it not,
And praise His conquering Name."

But, alas, for the Prophet's high hopes and earnest prayers. The God whom, in his way, he served and taught others to serve, had plans that differed from those the father cherished. Little Ibrahim sickened suddenly and lay ill and suffering in his mother's arms. Mohammed hastened to his sick child, but all the help that he could bring was of no avail. Then he who could not himself bear bodily pain of any kind wept to see his son suffer.

"Have you not forbidden us to weep for the dying, O Master?" one of his followers asked.

"I have forbidden you to shriek and beat yourselves and rend your garments above your dead,

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"HE LIKED NOTHING BETTER THAN A ROMP WITH HIS LITTLE IBRAHIM."

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as none but pagans do," Mohammed replied; "but tears shed for a calamity are as balm to the heart and are sent in mercy."

But, even as he wept over his suffering boy, the spirit of submission and faith that he taught his followers mingled with his despair. "Ibrahim! O Ibrahim, my son Ibrahim!" he cried, "if it were not that the promise is faithful and the hope of resurrection sure; if it were not that this is the way to be trodden by all, and the last of us shall join the first, I would grieve for you with a grief deeper even than this."

As he spoke the child's struggles ceased. Little Ibrahim was dead. Then Mohammed, laying his hand tenderly upon the sorrowing mother, who like that other Eastern mother we read of, "wept for her child and would not be comforted," said: "Rest assured the remainder of our Ibrahim's childhood and upbringing shall be in Paradise."

"My son, my son," he said in farewell, as the little Ibrahim was laid away in the tomb, "when you enter Paradise say to the recording angel: 'God is my Lord; the Prophet of God is my father; and Islamism is my faith.'" For Mohammed preached that those who leave the world must answer a question as to their life and faith before they could be admitted to heaven.

So lived and died, within the brief compass of a

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year and a half, the son of Mahomet. A century ago the son would have been dismissed without mention; the father would scarce have been permitted entrance in the roll of the world's great ones. For, so narrow have been the judgments of the past, the world has only recently awakened to the real knowledge of Mahomet. Through centuries of misconception it regarded him, as, indeed, many mistily conceive of him to-day, as little more than a brutal old Turk with lots of wives, whose sole claim to notoriety was that he hated the Christians, burned the Alexandrian library, and headed a host of infidels to the conquest of Europe.

I have tried to give such of you as were still possessed of this idea of Mohammed a change of view. For the Prophet of Arabia was not simply a leader of his people from one ism to another—from Paganism to Mohammedanism. Even though the Crusaders called all his followers pagans and infidels, that did not make them so. A pagan is an idolater; and one of Mohammed's hottest hatreds was against idols. You, therefore, who love *Ivanhoe*, revel in *The Talisman*, and revere Walter Scott, kindly remember, when you read in his stories of the paynim or spout his stirring ballad of "The Fire King," that the Crusaders are scarcely to be esteemed competent critics in matters of fact as to the followers of the Crescent banner. When

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definitions are sought, the dictionary is the safer guide.



A SUPPOSED PRINT OF MOHAMMED.

That tells us that a pagan is an idolater, a heathen; one who is neither Christian, Mohammedan, nor Jew. Noah Webster, you see, is a

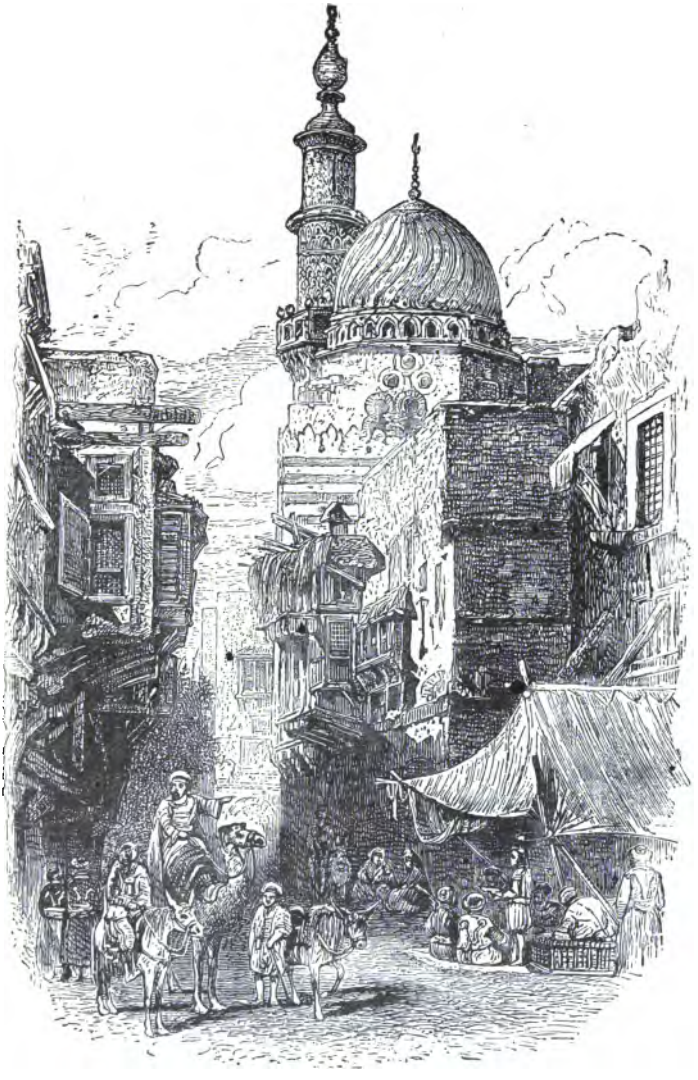
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safer guide than Richard the Lion-Hearted. Mohammed was no pagan.

But, after all, we must excuse the lion-hearted king, big blunderer though he was. For, in the Middle Ages, men did not look beneath the surface. They saw only what they saw. To monk and knight and vow-impelled crusader the follower of Mohammed was not a Christian; therefore he must be pagan and infidel. To-day we reason differently. But our great-great-grandfathers were not far removed from the crusaders. Indeed, fifty years ago there was scarcely a man who dared say a good word for Mohammed, until a certain bluff and gruff Scotch scholar, named Thomas Carlyle, gave the world a new idea of the prophet of Islam, and boldly declared him to be a great man. Numbers are not argument; and yet it would seem that there must be something worth preserving in a faith that is devoutly followed by nearly five hundred millions of people.

For to-day there are, in round numbers, almost an equal following of Christians and Mohammedans in the world. It is curious also to note that both these great religious bodies sprang from the same stock—what is called the Semetic. The Hebrew and the Arabian, neighbors in position centuries ago, have filled the world with the precepts of their greatest teachers, converting what is

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AN EASTERN MOSQUE.

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known as the Aryan race to Christianity and the Semetic to Mohammedanism.

As a faith, Mohammedanism stands for two things—God's supremacy and man's brotherhood. You may say: Why, that is just what Christians believe. But the difference seems to be in this: Christianity embraces all mankind; Mohammedanism recognizes only the followers of Mohammed.

But, though their creed be narrow and their methods peculiar, their efforts towards making the world better have been notable, and the story of the advance of Mohammed's doctrine reads almost like a romance. It is this: In the seventh century of the Christian era there lived on the borders of a desert an idolatrous people called Arabians. They worshipped a hundred gods and more; their religious centre was the town of Mecca; in it was a temple devoted to all the Arabian gods. This temple was in charge of a priestly family. From that family came Mohammed. He had a broad mind; the idolatry of his people disgusted him; he conceived the desire of reforming the old Arabian religion. But it could not be reformed. Mohammed was branded as a traitor by his family, forced to flee from Mecca and find refuge in the town of Medina. That flight is called the Hegira, and is the year One of the Mohammedan calendar. Persecution only made Mohammed more persist-

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ent, and he became the Prophet of his own revealed religion, the precepts of which he had drawn from the ideas of Jews and Christians and his own elevated thoughts. He was a great orator, and his speech swayed thousands by its magnetism; he was a great writer, and his book or bible, the Koran, shows the wonderful depth and breadth of his mind; he was a great minister, possessed with the desire to help, to reform, and to uplift his fellowmen. He returned to Mecca in triumph. He was a soldier, but his warlike record and that of Mohammedanism were due to accident rather than intent. In ten years Mohammed conquered Arabia; in one hundred years his followers spread his doctrines, until Europe was only saved from conquest by Germanic civilization and the prowess of Charles the Hammer at Tours in France. And to-day Asia and Africa are largely Mohammedan, as Europe and America are mostly Christian.

Does this give you a different idea of Mohammed and the Mohammedans from that you have learned to accept from your romance-reading in Walter Scott and your history lessons in the age of the crusades? It is time you should know the facts, and find what good you can in all things. For we must learn to see good in any earnest effort toward righteousness. The Mohammedans believe in the Arabian teacher as a prophet sent by God

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CHARLES THE HAMMER TURNING BACK THE TIDE OF MOHAMMEDAN CONQUEST.

(The Battle of Tours.)

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to arouse mankind to better living. They have mingled with this faith much of the sluggishness and superstition of the South, with which we cold-blooded and practical people of the North have but little patience. But we must remember that it was because of Christ that Mohammed became a prophet, and that with all its crude ideas and notions, that seem to us so odd and foolish, the founder of Mohammedanism was indeed a minister of God—not seeing the greater light that we who look to the Son of God as our leader have aspired to, but still a regenerator of the world, a benefactor of mankind, a great man,—a very great man. Indeed, I am not sure but I should speak to you of him as one of the greatest of men.

As to his son—that dear, little, brown baby of the Arabian land,—what would he have been, had he been spared to grow to manhood? Would he, too, have been great, like his father? Who shall say? He was the child of a father's hopes and prayers. But you do not now need to be told that, far too often, it is just such sons that go wrong. After Commodus, one need be surprised at nothing. One could wish, though, to have seen just what sort of a son the Prophet of Islam might have brought up. Then, too, little Ibrahim's mother was a Coptic woman—one of the Egyptian Christians. Perhaps her tuition, tinged with the faith

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of her youth, and the teachings of such a thinker as Mohammed, might have made their son a leader in gentler and less bloody paths than that along which Mohammedanism marched to the conquest of nations. But this is speculation only. The simple fact remains that Ibrahim, the son of Mohammed, died a baby, and possesses no claim for remembrance by mankind save in the equally simple fact that he was the son of Mohammed! His few months of life, off in that far Arabian city, would seem to have been of but small service to the world. But none can say of how much worth to others that life may have been, because of its influence in bringing out the father love of the great man, who so watched it and who was so moved when it went out from earth. For, as I have assured you, with emphasis, the father, who within two years followed his little son to the grave, was a great man. Judged according to Christian light, he may have been mistaken; but his influence and his teachings have led millions of men out of paganism and indifference; and, by redeeming Asia from idolatry, anarchy, and greed, have helped on the regeneration and the progress of the world.

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VII.

THE SON OF CHARLEMAGNE.

(A.D. 800.)



IN the summer of the year 781 an odd sort of a procession marched through France.

There were fluttering standards and melodious trumpets; there were gallant knights in armor and grave men in robes and gowns; there were noble ladies and a long train of servants; there were spearmen and bowmen and horsemen in martial array; and the central figure of all this parade and pomp was a very tiny boy of but three years old.

Strangest of all was this small boy's dress. He was but little more than a baby, and yet he rode upon a stately war-horse, housed in purple and gold. He was clad in complete armor of polished

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steel; on his head he wore a casque of steel and gold, surmounted with a tiny golden crown; in his small hand he bore a truncheon, and about his neck was slung a cross-handled sword of steel and gold.

A stalwart knight rode at the little boy's bridle-rein, his protecting arm holding the small rider firmly in the saddle; the royal banner fluttered ahead, and on the boy's right hand rode his governor and guardian, Count William, called the Snub-Nosed—well, because he was.

From castle and cottage, from town and hamlet, came thronging men and women, boys and girls, with smile and cheer and the shout of joyous welcome: "Heaven bless his little Grace! God guard our little King! Long live King Louis!"

For this very small boy of three was indeed a king, entering his dominions. He had been crowned by the Pope at Rome King of Aquitaine. Then, from his father's splendid palace in Aachen, or what is now the German city of Aix-la-Chapelle, he had started with his glittering escort to take possession of his kingdom in southwestern France.

During the first part of the journey he was carried in his cradle; but when he left the city of Orleans, and crossing the Loire set foot within his own dominions, this cradle-travelling, so the old chronicle tells us, "beseemed him no longer." He

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125 "THERE WERE FLUTTERING STANDARDS AND MELODIOUS TRUMPETS."

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was a king and this was his kingdom; therefore like a king he must make his royal progress. So upon this little three-year-old was put a suit of shining armor, made expressly for him, with sword and truncheon "equally proportioned"; they set him on horseback, and thus, royally attended, he entered Aquitaine and marched on to his own royal palace at Toulouse. No doubt he looked "awfully cunning," this three-year-old in armor—but think how tired the poor little fellow must have been!

Aquitaine was that large section of southwestern France that stretched from the river Loire to the Pyrenees, and from the Bay of Biscay eastward to the banks of the Rhone. It had been brought under subjection by the conquering monarch whose short-lived empire embraced all of Europe from Rome to Copenhagen, and from the English Channel to the Iron Gates of the Danube, and who, parcelling out his dominions among his boys, had set over the principality of Aquitaine, as king of the whole land, his little three-year-old Louis, forever famous as the son of Charlemagne.

Here, in his palace at Toulouse, did Louis rule as King of Aquitaine for thirty-two years, subject only to his renowned father, Charles the Emperor, called by men Carolus Magnus, or Charlemagne.

This mighty man, "the greatest of the Germans,"—great in stature, in aims, in energy, and in

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authority,—looked sharply after the small boy he had made King of Aquitaine. He had the lad carefully and thoroughly educated, and Louis grew to be an intellectual, bright-faced, clear-eyed, sturdy, and strong young man. But he was sober and sedate, skilled in the Scriptures and learned in Latin and Greek, unsuited to the rough war-days in which he lived,—more a scholar than a soldier, and more a priest than a prince.



So the years slipped by. Then trouble came to the great Emperor. One by one the sons of Charlemagne sickened and died,—those brave and stalwart boys, upon whom the father had relied as the stay and help of his old age, his successors in his plan of empire. At last only Louis the Clerk was left.

Hludwig Fromme he was called by his subjects of Aquitaine—that is, Louis the Kind; and thus, although the title has been wrongly rendered, the name of this good and peace-loving son of Charlemagne has come down to us as Louis the Pious, or *Louis le Débonair*.

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Nowadays we are apt to think of *débonair* as meaning gay, careless, fashionable, and "dudish"; but Louis the son of Charlemagne was anything but this. He was kindly, courteous, loving, gentle, and true; but he was, also, strict, dutiful, and just. He was what Chaucer calls a very "parfait, gentel knight"; he was strong of limb and stout of arm; none could bend bow better nor couch lance truer than he; but he never cared for sport, or the rough "horse-play" of his day; he seldom laughed aloud; he was grave, prudent, and wise, "slow to anger, swift to pity, liberal in both giving and forgiving." That is the picture of an agreeable and attractive boy, is it not? Not a lively, fun-loving, mischievous, and companionable comrade, perhaps,—but a good-tempered, well-meaning, friendly, and reliable "pattern" boy in every respect.

Louis won the loyalty of his subjects of Aquitaine by love and not by tyranny; he kept at bay the "pagan" Moors of Spain, and, under wise counsellors, sought to govern his kingdom justly and well.

But when his brothers died and he, the youngest of the three, was summoned to his father's side, he left his palace by the Garonne River, in pleasant Toulouse, and hastened to Aix-la-Chapelle, his father's capital.

It was the year 813. An assembly of the nobles of the empire met the great king in his capital and

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promised to recognize King Louis of Aquitaine as heir to the throne of Charlemagne.

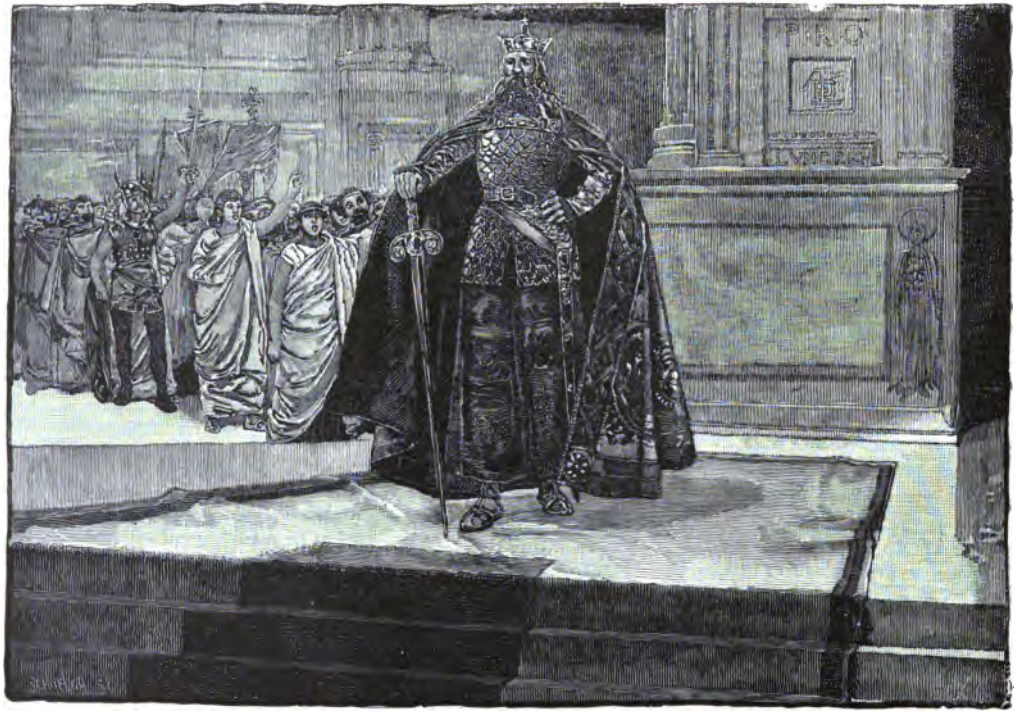
Then, in the great church that he had built at Aix-la-Chapelle, the old monarch, dressed in the magnificent robes which he never liked and would but rarely put on, stood before the vast assembly of the princes and nobles of Germany, leaning upon the shoulders of his sturdily built and kindly looking son.

The sounds of prayer and song that opened the ceremony were stilled, and then the old emperor, facing his son, told him that the lords and barons of the empire had sanctioned his appointment as associate and heir.

"You will reign in my stead," he said. "Fear God, my son, and follow His law. Govern the Church with care and defend it from its enemies. Preserve the Empire; show kindness to your relations; honor the clergy as your fathers, and love the people as your children. Force the proud and the evil ones to take the paths of virtue; be the friend of the faithful, and the helper of the poor. Choose your ministers wisely; take from no man his property unjustly; and keep yourself pure and above reproach in the eyes of God and man."

Then Charlemagne bade Louis take up the iron crown of Rome and the Empire that lay upon the altar and place it upon his head.

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"Wear it worthily, O King, my son," the father said, "as a gift from God, your father, and the nation."

And when the son of Charlemagne had thus crowned himself emperor, the old man, his father, turned to the great assembly and said:

"Behold! I present to you, your sovereign and your lord. Salute him, all people, as Emperor and Augustus!"

A mighty shout of loyalty and welcome filled the crowded church. And thus was the son of Charlemagne crowned as his father's associate and successor. But when, in the year 814, Charlemagne, still a sturdy old man, suddenly fell sick of a fever and died, in his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, at the age of seventy-one, the helper became the head and Louis ascended the throne of what was called the Holy Roman Empire, as its sole and sovereign lord.

He came to his vast power with high hopes and lofty aims. The solemn words of his father on that coronation day lived in his memory, and he determined to rule in peace, in justice, in wisdom, and in love. He would abstain from war: he would lift his people higher; he would make his court learned, refined, and pure; he would be father and friend to all his people and make his realm rejoice. Louis, called the Pious and the Kind-Hearted, should rather have been styled Louis the Well-Intentioned.

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But, alas! for good intentions, if strength of will be lacking. Louis lived in harsh and brutal days, and men could appreciate neither his gentle manners nor his worthy aims. He had neither his father's strength of mind nor firmness of will, nor had he what is called magnetism—the power to compel men to do as one elects.

His noble aims were speedily brought to nought; his high purpose was swiftly overthrown; his ambitious sons opposed him, quarrelled with him, defied him, assailed and dethroned him; and, after a stormy reign of twenty-six years, during which he wished, many times, to give up his crown and become a monk, Louis the Well-Intentioned died, in the summer of 840, on one of the little islands in the river Rhone—a discrowned, defeated, and sorrowing king, conquered by his sons.

The great empire his father had left him was speedily broken asunder, and from its remains, after long years of disorder and of blood, came at last the nations of Germany and France—the outgrowth of that vast heritage of power which the son of Charlemagne had received from his mighty father, but had neither wit nor will enough to govern or hold unbroken.

A noble man, in many ways, was Louis, the son of Charlemagne. But he was out of touch with his times; for stormy seas demand a strong hand at

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the helm, and great matters require the head to plan and the will to do.

In all of these requirements for governing was Louis deficient; so, while history accords him praise for honesty of purpose, gentleness of heart, good intentions, and lofty aims, it still writes him down as an unsuccessful ruler, because this weak-willed son could not uphold the heritage or continue the glory of a father who indeed was great.

That Charlemagne was rightly given the title of great—Carolus Magnus, Charles the Great—no one can question. Mighty in intellect as in ambition, in strength of arm and force of will, noble alike in aims and efforts, he built his name into the history of the world as few other makers of nations have been able to do, and alike in character, in ability, in influence, and in results, his name stands foremost among the world's great men.

His plan, however, to make of Western Christendom a single, mighty empire of which he and his successors should be ruler and head, was a dream that never could come true—not even with so marvellous a man as he at the helm. After his death, the empire, as we have seen, speedily fell apart, and the hand of Louis, his son, was not firm enough nor his name strong enough to carry forward Charlemagne's dream of a universal Christian empire.

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Against our picture of that beautiful boy-king making his triumphant progress across his kingdom, which was your first introduction to Louis the son of Charlemagne, let us set this other—almost the last glimpse we get of the lord of lost intentions.

It is fifty years later. The Red Field, where Louis had faced in fight his three rebellious sons, had proved so disastrous by reason of the desertion of his most trusted followers, that men renamed it the Field of Lies. Louis, left unsupported, surrendered himself to his sons, and three months later stood before an assembly of the nobles, priests, and barons of the empire in the church of St. Médard at Soissons to read his act of renunciation.

Worn and gray with his woes and worries, an old man though only fifty-three, the son of Charlemagne, in the presence of his three unfilial sons, read in an unsteady voice—indeed, it is hinted that he was sulky, and moved almost to refuse at the last moment—a confession of his faults as emperor and father. He admitted that he was incapable, that he was not fit to rule, and confessed that, by his faults, he had "suffered to sink so sadly low the empire that had been raised to grandeur and brought into unity by Charlemagne his father."

Then he laid upon the altar of the church his

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baldric, or richly ornamented belt of kingship; he threw down the sceptre, and stripping off his imperial robes received from the hands of the Archbishop of Rheims the gray robes of the penitent, whose only home was the convent. Thus he gave up his sovereignty.

It was a sad ending to all his early dreams of grandeur, and all his father's hopes and ambitions.

But you have heard, have you not, of the impossibility of fitting a square peg in a round hole. Louis the Well-Intentioned was simply a misfit king. He meant well, but he was not made to fit the hole that was to be filled. He was better fitted to be the head of a monastery or of a church than to be the ruler of a mighty empire, and so he failed to "fill the bill."

History is full of just such examples of misfit kings. Few of them, however, have been of equal worth as men, or fitted to be of such real benefit to the world, as this unfortunate son of Charlemagne. In other times or with other surroundings he might have left his mark upon the age; but, unable to bear the weight of empire, or the burden of responsibility that his father left him, he gave up trying, and is counted by the world a failure.

And yet no man who wishes to benefit the world and tries to do his best is ever a failure. It is the men who apparently have failed that have been

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really the greatest successes. Socrates, Leonidas, Galileo,—their failure was their victory. So, perhaps, to Louis the Well-Intentioned may be put down the white mark of successful failure, for even in death he pardoned his rebellious sons, and about his name has ever lingered an atmosphere of goodness, gentleness, and peace.



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VIII.

THE SON OF ALFRED.

(A.D. 900.)

IN a certain small room in what was known as "the king's house" at Leonaford, in south-western England, a brother and sister sat singing a ringing old ballad, a thousand years ago.

English boy and girl though they were, the words of their song would to-day sound strange and harsh and foreign to children of English blood; but those were the early days of English speech and English song, and the father of this boy and girl, though he was a king, was also writer, translator, and editor, and to him belongs the credit of giving the breath of life to English literature.

He was a leader along many other lines. He was the first King in Britain who planned for a United England; he was the earliest framer of the

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English state; he was the founder of England's navy; he was the champion of English liberty and of the English Church. He was alike soldier and scholar, alike singer and saint, alike law-keeper and truth-lover, alike monarch and man. He sent into icy seas the first arctic expedition, and to "India's coral strand" the first Christian missionaries. He is a hero of romance, and a hero in reality as well, "the most perfect character in history," according to certain wise historians—in other words, he was Alfred the Great! And this ten-year old boy, who sat in "the king's house" at Leonaford, singing Saxon songs with his sister, was Edward, the son of Alfred, destined to leave a name famous in English history as soldier and as king.

Edward, the son of Alfred, was born in "the king's tun," or town of Wantage, among the Berkshire hills in the year 871, the very year in which his father became king of the West Saxons. Things looked dark indeed for this young king of twenty-two when his eldest son was born. The Danish vikings had changed from pirates to invaders, and, swooping down upon the possessions of young King Alfred, harried all southwestern England with fire and sword. For six years the terrible strife went on between victorious Danes and defeated Saxons, until King Alfred was driven hither

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and thither, and finally forced to seek safety in the fastnesses of the great marshes of Somersetshire.

Here, in the western marshland, young Edward lived with his defeated but never despairing father



ALFRED THE GREAT IN HIS STUDY.

until the brave king gathered strength for a fresh endeavor, and, with a furious onset, burst upon the Danish camp at Edington, drove the bulk of the

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invaders "over-sea," recovered his wasted kingdom, and, by a treaty, made in 878, and famous in history as the Peace of Wedmone, obtained rest and tranquillity for nearly fifteen years.

It was during this time of partial peace—for there was, still, fighting with the Danes "off and on" through those treaty years—that the boy Edward received his instructions in the palace-school, which his royal father started for the young nobles of his kingdom.

We do not gather from the old records that young Edward, the prince, or atheling, as the Saxon title ran, was a very eager scholar in his father's palace-school. As compared with his younger brother, Ethelward, he seems to have been the laggard in his studies, and more fond of the school of arms than the school of letters. While Ethelward became proficient in Latin and English, Edward's schooling was confined to Saxon reading, psalms, and songs. But in those years of peace Edward grew proficient in the use of war-weapons, in the handling of men, and in the art of governing. When he was fifteen his father, the king, recaptured London from the Danes, and, during the peace, that city was frequently visited by the young prince, as it was governed by his brother-in-law, the Duke of Mercia, the vassal kingdom that joined Wessex on the north.

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THE BOYHOOD OF EDWARD THE ATHELING.—"HE WAS NOT AN EAGER SCHOLAR IN THE PALACE-SCHOOL."

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This Duke of Mercia, the ealdorman or alderman Ethelred, as he was called, had married in the year 880 the thirteen-year old daughter of King Alfred. She was Prince Edward's eldest sister. Her name was Ethelfled. It is so rare for us to come across reliable records of historic girls in those old days, when it was not considered the proper thing for girls to make themselves historic, that it is pleasant to add to this picture of a great man's son, the companion portrait of a great man's daughter.

That Ethelfled, the daughter of Alfred, was a remarkable woman, everything we read about her assures us. She was three or four years older than her brother Edward, but she was his companion in his childhood, his admirer in his boyhood, and his supporter and ally in his manhood.

Indeed, had it not been for her support, neither Alfred, her father, nor Edward, her brother, could have fought their way so sturdily to success and sovereignty.

As I have told you, Ethelfled married when she was but thirteen years old, the Alderman Ethelred, Duke of Mercia. The section known as Mercia was that fair portion of Central England that stretches from the Thames to the Mersey—the land between Liverpool and London. Before Alfred's day, Mercia had been the most flourishing portion of England, and about the only portion of

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the Isle of Britain known to the people of Europe, who, indeed, gave to its rulers the title of "Kings of the English." But while King Alfred was fighting for his life in the South, the Danish invaders conquered Mercia, drove its king over sea and held sway through all mid-England until Alfred's sturdy sword-arm swept them away. Then he annexed Mercia to his kingdom, made his nephew, young Ethelred, its duke or alderman, and in 880, as I have told you, gave the duke his eldest daughter as wife.

Ethelfled was, for her time, what we now call "advanced." She was clear-headed, far-sighted, ambitious, and strong-minded—though in the best and most helpful sense. She had a love and loyalty both for her father Alfred and her brother Edward, and saw that only in union with them were success or security in England possible. She converted her husband Ethelred to the same opinion. While he lived, the husband and wife acted as allies and vassals of Ethelfled's father and brother; and when, in the year 912, the Duke Ethelred died, his wife, who had long been the stronger of the two, bent all her energies to the support and strengthening of King Edward's power.

For at that time, Edward had, for years, been King of the West Saxons. His career had been

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who, seconded by his brave young wife, was defending London against the Danes. The son and son-in-law of King Alfred, joining forces, stormed the Danish camp at Bernfleet, captured and plundered it, and then, hurrying west, surprised and defeated the Danes on the banks of the river Severn. Next, the fiery young Edward joined his father, and they fought so valiantly and well that once again the Danes were driven over sea and forced into a peace. Thus was Southern England once more freed from invasion.

On the twenty-eighth of October, in the year 901, Alfred the Great died. He was not yet an old man, being but fifty-four; but his had been a life of struggle against sickness as well as against the invading Danes, and he was old almost before his time.

Before he died, so the record runs, he called his eldest son to him and said: "My dear son Edward, sit thou now beside me, and I will deliver unto thee true instruction. My son, I feel that my hour is near; my face is pale; my days are nearly run. We must soon part. I shall go to another world, and thou shalt be left alone with all my wealth. I pray thee, for thou art my dear child, strive to be a father and a lord to thy people; be thou the children's father, and the widow's friend; comfort thou the poor and shelter the weak, and, with all thy

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might, right that which is wrong. And, my son, govern thyself by law; then shall the Lord love thee, and God, above all things, shall be thy reward. Call thou upon Him to advise thee in all thy need, and so He shall help thee the better to compass that which thou wouldest."

So the good and grand king died, and Edward, the son of Alfred, at the age of thirty years, sat upon his father's throne as King of the West Saxons, determined to follow his father's parting counsels, and to be "father and lord" to all his people.

He was not permitted to occupy the throne without a struggle. His cousin Ethelwald challenged his right to the crown of Alfred, and gave him much trouble by stirring up the Danes and enlisting them under the rebel banner. But Edward fought valiantly for his throne, and success at last crowned his endeavors. Cousin Ethelwald was defeated and killed in the year 906, and Edward's title of king stood undisputed.

From that time forward King Edward's career was one of victory in war and wisdom in governing. His ability as a general and "war-lord" was indeed marvellous. He made the most of every opportunity, and turned to account every advantage. In conjunction with the brave "Lady of Mercia," as his remarkable sister Ethelfled was called, he fought the Danes up and down the entire length of England.

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While Edward drove them out of the Thames valley and securely guarded his sea front, Ethelfled built forts on the west to protect the land from the fiery Welshmen; she pushed the Danes away on the north and east; gained possession of the famous highway that stretched across Middle England and was known as Watling Street; by a remarkable chain of forts and earthworks, she guarded the entire frontier of Mercia from attack, and thus enabled Edward to complete his conquest of the Danes.

There is, in all history, no more interesting, if indeed there is any similar combination of a warlike brother and sister, such as this of Edward and Ethelfled. Without him, Ethelfled could scarcely have held her own against the relentless Danes; without her, Edward could never so successfully have turned back the Danish flood and united England into a powerful state. Her vigor, her will, and her unconquerable spirit did much to forward Edward's success and make his power secure. Between them they freed England from the Danish grip that had so long held the English people by the throat, and when in the year 918 she died, amid the shouts of victory, that told of conquered Leicester and of York, her triumph was rendered complete and her death made even more glorious by the tidings that came to her of the complete victory

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gained by her gallant brother and over-lord King Edward, in the broad fen-country of Eastern England. Alfred's son and daughter were, indeed, an honor to his name. In all English history, no two heroes are more worthy the remembrance of English-speaking boys and girls than this brother and sister, whom men love to refer to as "Alfred's unconquered son" and the "brave Lady of Mercia."

After Ethelfled's death "at Tamworth tower and town" (which, if you remember your Sir Walter Scott, afterwards hailed the warlike but unlovely Marmion as its lord), King Edward easily completed the conquest that his own ability and his sister's energy had rendered possible. And when in the year 924 he died at Farndon, in Northamptonshire, in the fifty-third year of his life and the twenty-fourth of his reign, his kingdom extended from the land north of the Humber—Northumberland—to the English channel. Wales and Scotland acknowledged his sway as "over-lord," and, after his death, his son and grandson, as vigorous as he, became lords of "all England."

Brave, earnest, and ambitious, Edward the Elder as he is called, "Alfred's unconquered son," as the historians name him, was one of the best and most successful of the Kings of Saxon England. He and his successors are an exception to the rule as to the

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weakness of great men's sons; for they were a wise and worthy race of rulers, meriting the praise the English poet, Wordsworth, gave them a thousand years after their day and generation:

"The race of Alfred covet glorious pains
When dangers threaten, dangers ever new,
Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view;
But manly sovereignty its hold retains:
The root secure, the branches bold to strive
With the fierce tempest."

The son of Alfred may not have been as great as his father. But he was great. Mr. Freeman holds him to have been "the first prince who could really claim to be King of the English and Lord of the Isle of Britain"; and he adds, what is especially true of King Edward, "it is only the unequalled glory of his father which has condemned this prince, one of the greatest rulers that England ever beheld, to a smaller degree of popular fame than he deserves." Which proves that it is sometimes hard on a boy to be a great man's son! If he is great, the father gets all the credit; if he turns out badly, the boy himself gets the blame. The world has not sufficiently honored the great son of Alfred—a man and a ruler worthy, indeed, to bear his father's greater name.

I wish I could give you the facts as to Edward's mother—that lovable woman with the queer old

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Saxon name, Ealhswyth, daughter of the Duke or Alderman of Gainsborough, and wife of Alfred the Great. But history records little concerning her. I, however, am stoutly of the opinion that she, in connection with her noble husband, did much in the midst of privation, defeat, and slow success, towards shaping the character of her famous son and daughter. But she, too, as do they, seems to have been absolutely overshadowed by Alfred's mighty name.

It is, I imagine, hard lines for a boy to be so completely put in the shade by a father's fame. Unless the son has a noble ambition of his own, and a well-balanced desire to maintain the standard the father has established, he is apt either to rest upon the prominence his father has attained, or—as certain great men's sons have done—to make capital out of his father's name and fame. It is not often that, as in England, the two Pitts, father and son, make, each for himself, a deathless name, or, as in the United States, the Harrisons and the Adamses give presidents to the republic in succeeding generations.

I wish you, therefore, in the case of King Alfred and King Edward, to give due credit to the son while taking away nothing from the greatness of the father. That greatness, indeed, can never be belittled. As Green, the historian of the English

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people, expresses it, "Alfred stands in the forefront of his race, for he is the noblest as he is the most complete embodiment of all that is great, all that is lovable, in the English temper. . . . His memory has come down to us with a living distinctness through the mists of exaggeration and legend which time gathered round it. The love which he won a thousand years ago has lingered about his name from that day to this. While every other name of those earlier times has all but faded from the recollection of Englishmen, that of Alfred remains familiar to every English child."

It is for us to see that the name of the son, a bright and shining light in "those earlier times" that Mr. Green refers to, does not fade from the recollection of the English-speaking race. He belongs to us with the other great men of the past. Edward, prince and king, is well worth our remembrance and honor. Like his father, he was patient amid privation, steadfast through disappointment, modest and noble in the midst of success. He inherited alike his father's bravery in war and his father's ability in governing. His purpose to unite all England under his rule was formed in boyhood and held firm to the end, and he died in 925, "father and lord" of all the English land.

It is a grand thing for a boy to have a purpose

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in life. Often this develops slowly, and takes force and form only when the boy has become a man. But not unfrequently, as in young Edward's case, circumstances create purpose early in life, and under the fostering care of a good and noble father, or a wise and worthy mother the son shapes his course, and pursues it to honor and success.

Edward, King of the English, was the great son of a great father. To his wise efforts and valiant actions are due much of England's prosperity, power, and growth—and of America's, as well. For America sprang from the same parent stock, and American boys and girls share equally with those of England the traditions and the glory that gather about the names of the mighty Alfred and "Alfred's unconquered son."



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IX.

THE SON OF WILLIAM.

(A.D. 1100.)

THE three Falls boys were at it again! They were always quarrelling, but this time it was worse than ever. It all came out of a poor attempt at a joke. This was the way of it: The two younger brothers, "Redny" and "the Kid," had gone into the room above the one in which "Shorty" and some of his friends were having a "scrapping match," and they had, then and there, proceeded to amuse themselves by pouring dirty water through the cracks of the illy-matched floor upon the heads of their brother and his "crowd." Naturally, "Shorty" and his friends were very angry. Rushing up the stairs they "pitched into" the other boys and their company, and a brutal, rough-and-tumble fight followed that filled the whole house with yelling and

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tumult, and might have ended fatally for some of the "combatants" had not the father of the three brothers tumbled out of his bed, and, rushing up the stairs, burst into the room, fat, puffing, and out of breath, and demanded of his sons how they dared kick up such a row while he was trying to sleep, and in a house where they were visitors, too?

All of which sounds very modern, does it not? Quite like the newspaper account of a row between roughs in some one of the low places of the cities of to-day? Far from it. These three brothers were princes, rich, powerful, and bravely dressed. And the fat father, who had been awakened by the noise and riot, and had come puffing up the stairs to protest, was the greatest and most powerful man of his time—William, Duke of Normandy, and King of England, called the Conqueror, and the Great.

Even the nicknames are historic. The three sons of William the Conqueror were Robert, called "Courthose" or "Shorty"; William, called "Rufus" or "Redny," and Henry, called "the Little Clerk" or "the Kid."

They were as quarrelsome as any three brothers that have lived since the days of Romulus and Remus. Their father had been Duke of Normandy; he had conquered England; he ruled a wide

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extended kingdom with vigor and success; but he never was able to conquer or to rule his three unruly boys—Robert, William, and Henry. They were jealous, they were envious, they were suspicious—each one of the other two. And thus they remained until time and tragedies took them, one by one, away. First, the father was thrown from his horse while he was burning the French town of Le Mans; next, William was murdered while deer-hunting in the English forest; then, Robert died in the Norman prison in which his younger brother had shut him. Thus Henry was left, the sole representative of the great house of Falaise or the Falls, which had given dukes to Normandy and kings to England.

This disgraceful fight in the Castle of the Eagle, on the southern boundary of Normandy, in the year 1078, is the first glimpse we get of the best and brightest, the cleverest and the longest lived of the three sons of William the Conqueror. At this time he was ten years old, too young to be mixed up in such an outrageous row.

Henry, the youngest son of William the Conqueror and Matilda his wife, was born in the little English town of Selby, in Yorkshire, in the fall of the year 1068. His older brothers were sons of the Duke of Normandy. He was son of the crowned King of England. As such, men told

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him, he alone could succeed his father as king. On this account he gave himself airs as a boy and beset his father with repeated requests, demanding precedence over his brothers, because he, only, was an English prince. But his father always cut his complaints and demands short. "There, there, don't cry over it, son Henry," King William would say, "your time will come; you, too, will yet be King of England."

Deprived of the power that was given to his eldest brother, Robert, and the promises made to his second brother, William, young Henry took to his books and became a book-lover, a student and a writer, in the days when men scorned book-learning and only the priests were literary. This love of learning gave him the name that clung to him for over eight hundred years. For he is still known as Henry Beauclerc—Henry the good scholar.

A stout and sturdy, well-built and well-favored boy; of medium size, black haired and bright-eyed, Henry was at once the most attractive and most winning of the three living sons of William the Conqueror. He was a daring rider, an expert archer, a sure hand at sword and lance, and, besides being a good scholar, he was far-sighted, keen-witted and clever.

"Never mind his goings on," King William had

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said, when some of the pranks of his oldest son Robert the "ne'er do well" had been reported to him, "Shorty may act the fool now, but he will be a good soldier as he grows older."

To which good word for his elder brother, young Henry, looking up from his Æsop, said: "It may be, my father; but to my mind a know-nothing king is but a crowned ass."

Henry was "dubbed" a knight in the year 1086, and the very next year in September, 1087, he stood by the bedside of his dying father. A stumbling horse in the smouldering ruins of La Mans had brought swift punishment to the Conqueror for his cruelty to that pleasant town, and the end of his life had come. By his bedside stood William the Red, and Henry the Scholar.

To Robert, his oldest son, the father said he gave the Dukedom of Normandy. England, which he had conquered unjustly, he would leave to no one; let Him who was Judge of all decide to whom it should go; he left the settlement to God—but he hoped William the Red might be England's king. And off to England, without waiting for his father to die, hurried William the Red, not willing that the Lord should decide unaided.

"And what dost thou give to me, my father?" young Henry asked—he who held still to the belief that England rightfully belonged to him.

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THE TRAINING OF A NORMAN PRINCE—THE BOYHOOD OF HENRY OF ENGLAND.

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"Five thousand pounds of silver from my hoard," the Conqueror replied.

And Henry, true to the "looking out for number-one policy" that was his rule of life, made answer complainingly:

"But of what use is five thousand pounds of silver, father, if I have no realm given me to govern, no place in which to live?"

"Be patient, son Henry, and trust in the Lord," his father replied. "Let thine elders go before thee, and perchance, one day, thou mayst be greater than either."



"OFF POSTED HENRY FOR 'THE HOARD.'"

Off posted Henry to see that he got his five thousand pounds of silver, good measure, before some one sharper than he secured it; and he, too,

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left his father to die alone. But as soon as the silver was his, he hurried back again to Caen, the only one of the three sons of the Conqueror to be present at that tragic funeral, where the great captain was denied a grave until his son Henry had paid to him who claimed the ground sixty shillings fee.

With the money his father had given him, shrewd young Henry bought of his "hard-up" brother, Robert, a part of his Norman realm. This gave him a home; but he spent the next ten years in taking sides, first with one brother and then with the other, in the perpetual quarrel they kept up. He was lucky enough to be near at hand when William the Red was murdered in the New Forest, and at once he cried out: "I am English! I alone must be king." Then he hurried off to Westminster and seized "the royal hoard"—or the treasury as we should call it—and acting up to the proverb that possession is nine points of the law, he had himself at once crowned King of England, on the fifth of August, in the year 1100.

He made, for his time, an excellent king. At first he had to fight for his crown, but he was clever and courageous, and "made himself solid" with the English people and the English Church, by marrying a Saxon princess, curbing the insolence of the Norman lords, placing a Saxon prince at the



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head of the Church in England, and granting to the people that "charter of liberties" that may be said to have been the forerunner of our own immortal "Declaration."

He fought his unlucky brother, Robert, and conquered him; he fought the King of France, and defeated him; he put down rebellion in Normandy, and made himself one of the boldest and most powerful of European rulers. Scotland, Wales, and Ireland admitted his "overlordship," and for thirty-four years England was at peace because of the vigorous, statesman-like, and liberal rule of Henry the Scholar, the son of the Conqueror.

He was a vast improvement upon his red-faced, hot-headed brother William, known as Rufus or "the Red." He was, indeed, a worthy successor to his father, the great William.

For it is worth your while to note this fact: William the Conqueror was one of the world's great men. He was a genius in leadership; he would have been a leader whenever and wherever he had lived; and though he seems to have inspired no love in his day or ours—if we except his historian, Mr. Freeman—being as men said of him when he reigned "very stark and harsh," nevertheless by his skill, his ability, his tact, and his unyielding will, he left a name that the world has

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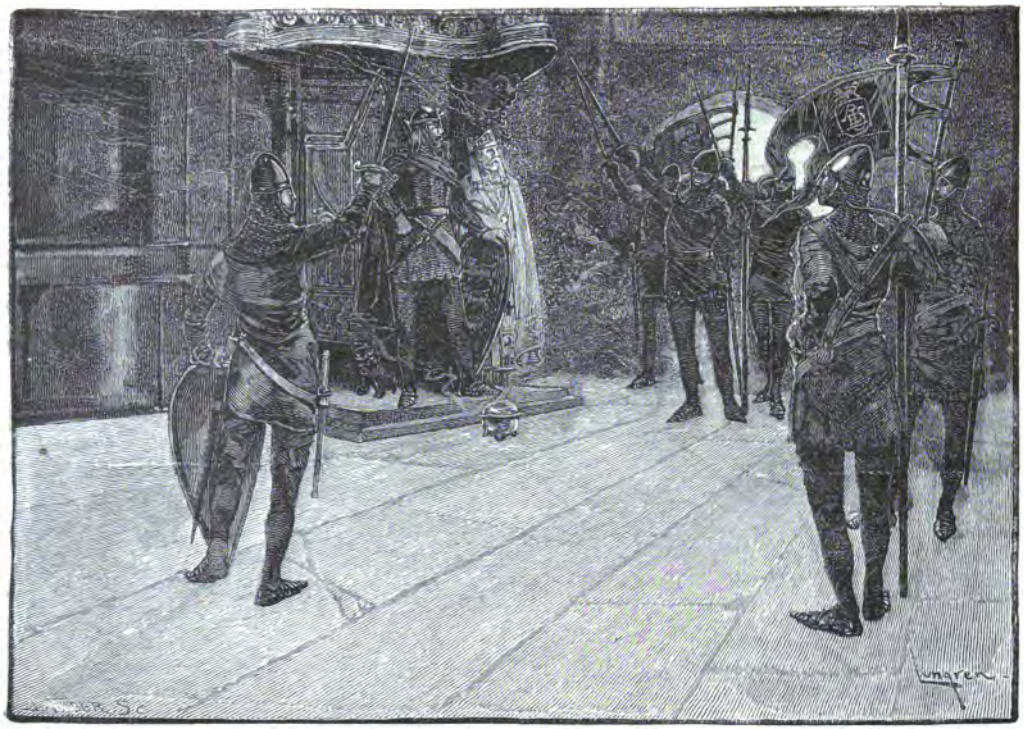
never forgotten, and to which it adds the title of the great, as it added it to the names of Alexander, of Cæsar, and of Charlemagne.

The conquest of England was William's opportunity. How wisely and courageously he took advantage of the opportunity all the world knows.

While we pity the Saxon Harold, and heave the sigh of sympathy for his misfortunes and the sad tragedy of "Hasting's fatal day"—as what is now known as the Battle of Senlac has ever been popularly called—we need to remember that England and America are not to regard the Norman conquest of England as a disaster or an evil, but rather as the day that marked a mighty, forward step for the English-speaking race.

William the Conqueror was more than a great soldier; he was a great statesman, and, apart from what he did for England, it is well for American boys and girls to note that William the Conqueror was in a sense the founder of our own splendid republic; for much of what is best in our Constitution sprang directly from the brain and hand of this "stark, harsh man," William the Norman, the "man of blood and iron" of eight centuries ago.

Henry the Scholar, the best and brightest of the sons of the conqueror, has also a claim to greatness; he, too, like Edward, the son of Alfred, is overshadowed by his father's name. Indeed, it is



CORONATION OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

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pleasant to be able to link his name with that of Edward, and trace his connection back to the noble Alfred.

For he married a good and gentle Saxon princess, who, on her mother's side, was a direct descendant of Alfred the Great. So wise and kindly a woman was she that men for eight hundred years have spoken of her as "good queen Maud," and it is safe to say that her influence and advice, in the days when men scoffed at the influence of women and spurned their advice, largely directed the heart and mind of Henry, her husband, toward the bettering and up-building of the new England that his reign ushered in.

Of course, we could find many things in the life of this able son of William the Conqueror that would, to-day, seem cruel, ungentle, and evil. But those were days when blood ran hot and men's hands were quick to strike and their hearts were slow to throb "with malice toward none, with charity for all." It is, therefore, all the more delightful to think that one of the three bad boys of William's quarrelsome household became the king who, beyond all others in those lawless days, stood as the champion of law and order.

We can set down a good deal of this to the credit of "good queen Maud"—whose story under her Saxon name of "Edith of Scotland" I have already

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set down for young readers in my records of certain "Historic Girls." But the most of Henry's greatness was due to the strength of his own character and the breadth of his own mind. Mr. Freeman tells us that, of the three sons of William, Robert the Careless could not do justice if he would, William Rufus the Brutal would not if he could, but Henry the Clever both could and would.

Men called him "the Lion of Justice." He was a despot; but a despot who did good and not evil toward his subjects. He was a tyrant; but a tyrant who permitted no titled follower to work injustice upon the people of his realm. He was greedy, as we can see by the way in which he "grabbed" the silver his father promised, and, as soon as he was able, "scooped in" the whole treasury; but he permitted no favorite to rob or cheat his people, and was especially severe on the "Shylocks" and counterfeiters, who, in those days, bled and fleeced the people with the sanction of kings, who should have been protectors.

"Good man was he, and mickle awe was of him. Durst none man misdo with other on his time. Peace he made for man and deer. Who so bare his burthen, gold and silver, durst none man say to him nought but good."

This is what, in the quaint language of his day, men said of Henry the scholar king. It meant that he was just and wise; that his word was law;

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177 IN KING HENRY'S DAY: A TRAVELLING MINSTREL.

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for while he reigned "minstrels and maidens could travel the land without fear"; lawlessness and insolence and injustice were "out of fashion" in England.

It would seem that our "great men's sons" are improving as we move along. Certainly Edward and Henry are wonderful improvements upon Commodus and Constantius, and some of the worth and wisdom of the fathers appears to have descended to their sons.

It was so, we know, in Edward's case. It seems to have been so in Henry's. He proved himself, in spite of the craft, the cruelty, and the crime that would, once in a while, crop out in his character and recall the three bad brothers of his "tough" young days, worthy to be remembered as a great man, even as his father has been remembered, and he left an impress upon England's history not to be forgotten or effaced.

He carried out all of his father's plans, from conquest to union, thus fulfilling that father's prophecy of the boy's certain supremacy. He, indeed, even more than his mighty father, was really "king of England," and he laid out the roadway for England's future greatness along such lines as William the Conqueror himself would have chosen, had he been permitted to live and do the work that this son of William wisely, if sometimes sternly, carried out.

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X.

THE SON OF SALADIN.

(A.D. 1200.)

A SWIFT-SAILING felucca came speeding across the blue Mediterranean, and, almost before it could cast anchor in the Bulak port, a messenger sprang ashore, and was off like a flash, headed for the palace of the sultan in Cairo.

Straight on he sped without stay or stop—in, through the city gate, on, past the great citadel that crowned the lofty rock, on, past the carven lion above the palace gate, until, in the Hall of Columns, in the palace of El Muez, he bowed to the floor in salaam, and delivered his message to a tall, swarthy-faced, but sad-eyed and sedate Arabian, whose robes of coarsest cloth scarcely marked him for the great man he so surely was. For this plainly robed and simple-mannered man was he to whom kings and princes gave the title Melek el Mansur, the "king victorious." He was sultan of

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Egypt and Syria, king of Arabia, and prince of Mesopotamia; he was Joseph the son of Job, called Salah-ed-deen, or "the safe one," and known to all Europe of his day, as to all the world of ours, as the great Saladin, the Saracen lord of the East.

And this message to the Sultan Saladin, sent in haste from Cyprus, told how another uprising of Europe was to flood the East, to deliver Jesusalem from the Moslem; how it was to be led on by Frederick, the Emperor of Germany, called the Red Beard; and how the kings of France and England were to follow after with many princes, nobles, knights, and fighting men. So great was this rising, so determined its purpose, the message said, that a tax had been laid on all the lords of western Europe, either to join the crusade with knights and men-at-arms, or to pay towards its prosecution one-tenth of all their substance—a tax known by the name of him against whom the crusade was preached: "the Saladin tenth."

In the Hall of Columns, in his palace at Cairo, Saladin pondered over the message. His kingdom was secure; Palestine was subjugated; the Crescent and not the Cross floated above Jerusalem; he was weary and wished for peace and rest. But peace there could not be, if the three greatest rulers of Christendom were to march against him. So he

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summoned his sons to a conference, and prepared again for war.

"Speed to El Afdhal," Saladin said to the kneeling courier, "and bid him join me quickly if he would see the glory of another Tiberius."

The sons of Saladin were, in all, seventeen, but of these only the three elder ones were his especial helpers; and of these three the second son, El Afdhal, he to whom the fleet courier was despatched, was the one upon whom Saladin most depended. It was Afdhal who had fought beside his father that bloody day at Tiberias, when, in the shadow of the hill called the Horns of Hattin, the whole Christian army was defeated and destroyed by the victorious Saladin. And it was to him, and to the king's brother, Seyf-ed-deen, known in history as Saphedin, that the chief commands were now to be given, as the armies gathered in Syria and Palestine to withstand the fresh onset from Christian Europe.

This was the famous Third Crusade, fought in the years between 1190 and 1193. It gave new glory to Saladin and was, from the outset, disastrous to the Crusaders. The red-bearded Emperor of Germany was drowned on his way to the East, and his great army melted away; Philip of France, like another French king we have heard of, simply

"Marched up the hill and then—marched down again";

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183 "'SPEED TO AFDHAL,' SALADIN SAID TO THE KNEELING COURIER."

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and Richard of England, a big bully miscalled a noble knight, did but little save to bluster and blunder; he sneaked back without having even seen Jerusalem, only to fall a prisoner into the hands of Austria and nearly ruin his neglected realm of England by stupidity, selfishness, and a show of so-called chivalry.

Out of it all Saladin came with greater glory than ever; but it caused his death in 1193, at the early age of fifty-seven. Weakened by exposure, continual fighting, restlessness, and worry, he caught a fever and died in Damascus—the greatest Moslem since Mohammed, the most noble, most just, most fearless, and most famous of all the Saracen masters of the East.

He united under one sovereignty all the Eastern lands from the Nile to the Euphrates; he built up and beautified Cairo; and, in the midst of war, had ever thoughts of the peace and prosperity of his kingdom.

His three elder sons divided his realm between them. But they had neither the ability nor the wisdom of their father, and were forever quarrelling over their "rights." El Afdhal, on his father's death, became Sultan of Damascus and Lord of Syria and Palestine. But the warlike abilities he had displayed under his father's guidance soon gave place to that same idleness and love of luxury

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against which his father had so often warned him.

How much the Sultan Saladin thought of the future of his sons and his kingdom we may gather from this wise and fatherly and patriotic letter of advice sent to his son, when, just before Saladin's death, the young prince was sent to try his hand at governing a province:

"My son," said the wise Saladin, "you are about to reign over states that I have bestowed upon you. My infirmities give me reason to fear that I may never see you again; I recommend you, then, my son, as my last command, to love and honor God, who is the source of all good, and to observe the precepts of his law; for your welfare depends upon it. Spare human blood, for fear it should fall upon your own head; for blood once shed never sleeps. Endeavor to gain the hearts of your subjects; administer justice, and be as careful of their interests as of your own. . . . We are all mortal, O my son! Entertain, then, no malice, no hatred against any one.* Be careful, above all things, to offend nobody; men only forget injuries when they have revenged them, whilst God grants us pardon for our errors for a simple repentance; for he is beneficent and merciful."

* Does not this suggest President Lincoln's noble words in his second inaugural speech: "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

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At first Afdhal did try to remember his father's good counsel, and sought to maintain the inheritance his father had left him. But the Saracen lords who had been his father's companions and captains did not take kindly to the young sultan, and refused to take the oath at Damascus, which pledged them thus: "I swear to submit to the Sultan El-Melek El-Afdhal; to fight for his empire and states with my life, my wealth, my sword, and my troops. I swear to obey him in everything; I devote myself to him inwardly and outwardly, and I take God for a witness of this engagement."

Afdhal was not Saladin; he had neither the wisdom nor the will to win over the unfriendly lords, and so he gave up trying.

The records speak of him as lazy and dissipated; but as, in the next sentence, they tell us that he delighted in nothing but spending his time in listening to songs and making verses, one is inclined to set down young Afdhal as perhaps not so bad as he was painted. In his day and country the soldier was more honored than the singer, and a do-nothing, such as this young sultan seems to have been, could scarcely have aroused the loyalty or commanded the respect that had been given to his great father, the Sultan Saladin.

And yet it is a singular thing to note that very many of the Saracen or Turkish sultans of those

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and succeeding days were what is called literary men. They were skilled especially in poetry, and were able writers in history and science.



A PARLEY BETWEEN THE HOSTILE BROTHERS.

But these were only counted as occupations for the leisure moments of men of power and position. When, therefore, one gave himself up entirely to these literary pursuits, as did young Afdhal, and

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neglected the affairs of his kingdom, all the soldiers and people objected, while those who were ambitious for power were quickly led to rebellion.

This proved the case with Afdhal's supporters. Those who had hoped to find in the son of Saladin a soldier as brave, a master as vigorous, a statesman as wise, a leader as victorious as his father, did not long conceal their disappointment, nor smother their discontent. Revolt has always been easy in Eastern lands; and rebellion speedily ensued. The hostile lords of this listless young sultan of Syria sought the support of Afdhal's older brother, the sultan of Egypt. Civil war followed; the brothers fought each other with varying success; the strife grew into a family feud that threatened to break up the entire kingdom of Saladin, until one day Uncle Saphedin stepped between the brothers, smoothed over things, and induced each one to retire into his respective kingdom.

Then again did young Afdhal, who had been awakened into action by this spur of civil war, "brace up," as the saying is, for a while, and try to become a prince and a ruler. But he had no backbone, had young Afdhal. He soon grew tired of action, and withdrew again into his shell.

This time, however, he gave himself up neither to wine nor to music. He became very religious;

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he spent most of his time praying in the mosques, or devoting himself to the most petty details and practices of the Mohammedan service. It was simply another form of dissipation—the very kind that Christ so protested against when he called the scribes and pharisees of his day "hypocrites."

It was not at all the course for one to take whose duty it was to be a vigorous ruler. Afdhal neglected the needs of his country for the useless



NO PRAISE FOR AFDHAL.

services of the mosque; again the people grumbled and rebellion was in the air. "Then," says the record, "complaints against him were heard in all quarters, and tongues that had been loud in his praise, became silent."

Once again his restless brother, the sultan of Egypt, began to stir up strife and dream of becoming lord of Syria as well as of Egypt. Things looked threatening again; when suddenly that wise old soldier, Uncle Saphedin, made up his mind to

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settle both his objectionable nephews by taking things into his own hands, and to save the vast heritage of Saladin, his brother, by centering all the power in himself.

This time the lazy young Afdhal did not recover from the disgrace into which he had fallen. Driven from one city to another he outlived his more warlike brother, but wore out his days simply as the tool of his Uncle Saphedin, who kept possession of both Syria and Egypt, fought the Crusaders in the Fourth and Sixth Crusades, and "ran" everything to suit himself.

Afdhal died in exile and disgrace soon after the year 1200, a failure simply because he lacked the will power that makes men dare and do, and the greatness that makes men see how, even when they serve, they may sway.

The kingdom that Saladin had built up as the result of his ambition, his energy, his wisdom, and his ability soon fell asunder after the death of his brother, the able usurper Saphedin. It was finally overthrown by the Tartars from the East and the fierce soldiers of the sultans themselves.

All of which proves the wisdom of that Arabian historian of the days of this same unlucky son of Saladin, when he declared: "The greater part of the founders of empires have not been able to leave them to their posterity."

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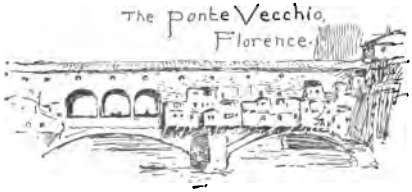
XI.

THE SON OF DANTE.

(A.D. 1310.)

BEFORE a well-filled counter in a bookshop of Florence, near to the Ponte Vecchio, or Bridge of the Goldsmiths, stood a man of six and thirty, poring over a manuscript that was yellow with age, while between his knees was thrust another, held as if in reserve when the first manuscript should have been thumbed through.

He was a slightly built man, of medium height, long of face and large of jaw, with an eagle-beaked nose, a protruding under lip; large, intent, and serious eyes. His shoulders had the slight stoop of the scholar; his face was the olive-brown of Italy; his hair and beard were thick and golden.



In the doorway of the shop, with eager head thrust out between the door-filling bodies of the shopman and his noisy apprentice, a small boy of seven was watching the passing pageant.

For, along this thronged and huzzaing street, to the sound of martial music, the cheers of watching thousands, and the regular tramp, tramp, tramp, of mail-clad men, passed the glittering procession escorting, from the great San Gallo gate to the Palace of the Signiory, the French Prince, Charles of Valois, who, with a brilliant following, was coming, at the command of the Pope, to establish—so he declared—peace in beautiful Florence between the Blacks and the Whites.

It was in the opening year of the fourteenth century, in November, 1301, that Prince Charles of Valois rode thus into welcoming Florence. The fair city on the Arno was feud-ridden and faction-rent. For years it had been tossed and torn between two political parties of its citizens—the Blacks, who were the aristocratic nobles and wished all the power, and the Whites, who were the party of the people and wished for a government by the people.

In this year of 1301 the Whites were in power, and this absorbed scholar who stood in the book-shop poring over an old manuscript, oblivious of the passing show and glitter without, was a promi-

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nent politician of the White party, an alderman of the city, and a superintendent of construction in the Street Department of Florence.

He had been a soldier and a fighter before he went into politics; but, more than soldier, more



"A BRIGHT AND GENTLE BOY WAS THE SON OF DANTE."

than politician, more than office-holder, he was a poet. And it is as poet that the world knows him. For this absorbed reader in the Florentine book-shop, who should have been at the Palace of the Signiory with the other city officials, welcoming the French prince, was Messer Durante degli Alighieri, known to his fellow-townsmen and to all

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195 "PRINCE CHARLES OF VALOIS RODE INTO FLORENCE."

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the world since his day as Dante, the greatest of Italian poets, and one of the world's greatest as well.

And the small Italian seven-year-old who, with his head thrust out at the open doorway, was watching the passing procession, as oblivious of his father as his father was of him, was young Pietro (or Peter) Alighieri, the son of Dante.

The Alighieris lived in a large and well furnished house on Race Street, in the Sixth Ward of Florence, and, as the son of one of the city's prominent men, the little Peter had a pleasant and comfortable life during his earlier years. But bad times came all too soon, and the four little Alighieris, of whom Peter was the eldest, knew what worry and trouble and even privation were, long before they got into their teens.

For Prince Charles of Valois, instead of making peace between the Blacks and the Whites, acted solely in the interests of the aristocratic nobles, the tyrants of the people; and before the year 1301 had closed, the White party was overthrown; fighting, murder, and pillage rent the betrayed city, until finally, in January, 1302, the leading men of the White party were driven out of Florence.

Among the six hundred citizens thus exiled was Dante. He never saw his beloved Florence or his home again. A wanderer among the towns of

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Northern Italy, banished and with a price set upon his head, he died finally at Ravenna, in the year 1321, at the age of fifty-six, a broken, disappointed, white-haired man, old before his time.

But out of that exile, wandering, and disappointment came the only thing by which Dante is re-



THE MOB AT DANTE'S HOME.

membered—*The Divine Comedy*, which made his name immortal; that marvellous poem which tells the real history of a tempted, purified, and triumphant human soul, and stands, so Lowell says, as a monument on the boundary line between the ancient and modern.

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We get but few glimpses of Peter the son of Dante, but those glimpses show us a bright and gentle boy, a good son and brother, and one who grew to admire and then to reverence the genius of the sad-faced, disappointed father, who, it is to be feared, loved his "dear Florence" more than his family, and was so lost, first in the brooding over his unjust persecution and then in the greatness of the work of his brain, that he had but little to say to either wife or children, though they seem to have been loyal and devoted to him.

When Peter was eight years old, a mob of the Black party burst into his home on Race Street, from which his father had been driven into exile; then they plundered and burned it. Peter and his mother, Monna Gemma, heard of what was coming and hastily gathered together certain valuables, papers, and manuscripts. These they hurried into chests and boxes just in time, and hid them in a safe place.

Five years went by and poor Monna Gemma had a hard time to get along. Her husband was a wanderer and almost a beggar; her boys and girls were growing up in Florence, openly pointed out as the children of a criminal and a "boodler," and she had barely money enough to feed and educate them.

In 1307, when Peter was nearly thirteen, affairs

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were so bad with his mother that she hardly knew what to do, and as, by that time, party hatreds had cooled a little, she thought she would try to get back some of Dante's property which the victorious Blacks had confiscated. So she and Peter hunted up the chests they had hidden away, and while searching through them for certain papers that Monna Gemma needed to prove her property, they came across a manuscript poem by Dante. Thinking it might be of value, they showed it to a friend, who was so struck by it that he prevailed upon them to send it to Dante, who was then in exile at the court of one of the princes of Northern Italy.

It was a lucky "find." It was the first seven cantos of the "Inferno," the opening part of the immortal *Divine Comedy.* Thus was the great book saved; for Dante thought these cantos lost, and he might never have gone on with the poem but for the forethought and devotion of his wife and son.

Soon after this there came to Florence a letter in the long, thin handwriting of Dante bidding young Peter come to him at Padua, where was a great school in which the boy could be educated.

So to his father at Padua, in 1306, the son of Dante went, and under his father's care "finished" his education. He was a good and conscientious

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201 PETER AND HIS MOTHER HIDING THE MANUSCRIPTS.

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scholar, and when his college life was completed he became a successful lawyer, receiving gifts and openings from the nobles who had befriended his father. Finally, he settled in Verona and became a man of "party and prominence."



DANTE.
(Bronze bust, fifteenth century.)

It was while living with his son Peter, at Verona, that Dante, in the year 1316, had his only chance to return to his beloved Florence. The party of the Blacks was so firmly fixed in power that they no longer feared the Whites; so they sent word to the exiles throughout Italy that Florence would

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receive them again as citizens, if they would first pay a fine and then march in procession to the Church of St. John to do penance for their sins, with paper fool's-caps on their heads and lighted candles in their hands.

Some of the exiles did thus humble themselves in order to get back to their home once more. Not so Dante. None loved fair Florence more passionately than he; but, as he told his son, the young lawyer of Verona, and as he wrote to his friends in Florence: "This is not the way for me to return to my country. If any other way can be discovered which does not touch the fame of Dante and his honor, I will gladly accept it. But, if by no such way Florence is to be entered, then Florence I will never enter. And what if I do not? Can I not see the sun and stars everywhere? Can I not study God's truth anywhere beneath his Heaven? And bread, I trust, will never fail me."

So he lived and died an exile from Florence, rather than return in dishonor. And bread never failed him. Great princes patronized and befriended him; his son Peter looked carefully and lovingly after him, and his last years were given up to study, to freedom and the good of Italy, and to his great poem.

He died at Ravenna on the fourteenth of September, in the year 1321, and Florence, which

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denied him a home and sought to murder and to disgrace him, has ever since vainly striven to secure the bones of its greatest citizen and most loving son. Ravenna, which befriended and buried him, has never given them up.



DANTE'S MONUMENT IN RAVENNA.

Pietro, or Peter, the son of Dante, lived to attain honors and position in Verona. He was a scholar as well as a lawyer; and, after his father's

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death, he published a commentary or study of that father's mighty poem, *The Divine Comedy*.

He died in Verona in 1364; and to-day, through the line of his daughter's sons and successors, the blood of Dante still flows in the veins of one of Italy's noble families—the house of Sarego-Alighieri of Verona.

The life of this son of Dante was doubtless brighter and more successful than was that of his famous but disappointed father, and we are glad to remember him as a faithful and loving son. As the world counts success, Dante's life was a failure; but out of that failure came a work that has made his name immortal. So there is to-day but one Dante that the world now remembers; and the son of Dante, gentle, loving, and honorable though he was, lives in the world's knowledge simply because he was his father's son.



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XII.

THE SON OF TAMERLANE.

(A.D. 1404.)

IT is dangerous to play games with despots. But Timur the Tartar, better known as Tamerlane, was an inveterate chess-player who, though he was the world's greatest despot, was yet willing to be beaten at his favorite game.

He looked a grizzled, lean, and tough old fellow of seventy as he sat in his enamelled room of yellow, blue, and gold mosaic, in his great and gorgeous palace at Samarkand. And, indeed, as he sat there, playing chess with his youngest son, the Shah Rokh, he seemed more intent on guarding his castles and saving his pawns than on the message a patient secretary stood awaiting orders to deliver—for it was death to disturb the Emperor's game of chess.

The game was finished at last. The Shah Rokh

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was victor. With a hearty laugh the old warrior acknowledged himself beaten. Pushing aside the chess-board with its one hundred and thirty squares and fifty-six chessmen (for Tamerlane played a special game of chess of his own devising in which the customary squares and pieces were more than doubled), the great Tartar turned to the silent and patient secretary and said: "Speak now; what is your message?"

"An embassy with gifts, O Lord of the Age, from the King of the West," the secretary replied.

"It is but another," said the Emperor; "but see you, son Rokh, that the messenger of the King of the West is welcomed. Even the smallest of fish, you know, have their place in the great ocean."

It was the year 1404, and in all the world there was no greater conqueror, no mightier monarch than this lean old Tartar who sat in his splendid palace at Samarkand, playing chess with his son. He was styled the Great Wolf, the Lord of the Age, the Conqueror of the World. And these titles very nearly fitted Timur Lane (that is, Timur the Lame, and hence the Tamerlane, by which he is known to us); for he was lord and conqueror, from the great wall of China to the Mediterranean, and from the bleak steppes of Siberia to the Ganges and the Nile; seven and twenty kings had surrendered their crowns into his hand, and, after sixty

years of effort and of conquest, the boy who had roamed the desert a homeless wanderer and gazed with wonder upon the walls of princely Samarkand, was now the mightiest man of his time, the enlarger and beautifier of Samarkand, the conqueror who never knew defeat, the despot who almost made true the motto with which he started on his career of conquest: "There is but one God in heaven, and there shall be but one king on earth."



"MY SON IS MARKED FOR LEADERSHIP," SAID TAMERLANE.

The embassy which the Shah Rokh, the youngest son of Tamerlane, was charged to royally receive and bring before his father, was sent to

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Tamerlane by Henry, the King of Castile, great-grandfather of that Queen Isabella who, ninety years after, sent Columbus westward on a search for that same Cathay that King Henry's embassy went to the East to find.

It was a glittering city and a gorgeous court into which young Prince Rokh introduced the Spanish ambassadors. To beautify his royal city of Samarkand, the great conqueror had lavished upon it the spoils of the empires he had overthrown and the cities he had plundered. Palaces, mosques, and gardens adorned it everywhere, and in his royal palace on the hill, glittering

"With barbaric pearls and gold,"

the Emperor received these men of the West, introduced by his son, the Prince Rokh.

Cross-legged upon an embroidered carpet strewn with cushions of silk sat the scarred old king, robed in rich satin and wearing upon his head a lofty snow-white turban, ringed with gems, and bearing in its front a great and glowing ruby.

And yet, because of some slip in the etiquette of that barbaric court which his son, the Shah Rokh, had carelessly or wilfully permitted, this despotic old father, who did not grumble if he were beaten at chess, waxed, we are told, exceeding wroth, and poor Prince Rokh was lugged off into the punishment

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chamber, turned upside down, and bastinadoed until his princely feet stung and smarted. This was by command of his punctilious old father, who would order his sons and grandsons to be bastinadoed like any slave at the least lapse from duty, after which they were honored and trusted again.

Tamerlane took a two months' vacation from war —the first in nearly fifty years—and then marched eastward to attempt his greatest undertaking—the conquest of China. But long before he could reach the great wall of China, at a place called Otrar, to the north of the city of Tashkend, which you can find upon your map of Siberia or Turkestan, the old conqueror died—a victim to too much ice-water.

So China escaped the heavy hand of Tamerlane —the man of whom it has been written that "he shed more blood and caused more misery than any other human being who was ever born upon the face of the earth."

And yet, though a conqueror and a despot, Tamerlane was wise and far-seeing, and aimed to be just and generous. When he found his end was near, so the story goes, he called to his bedside the sons who were in his camp. And to the eldest he said:

"My son, love justice; administer it, as well unto the poor as unto the great. This is your

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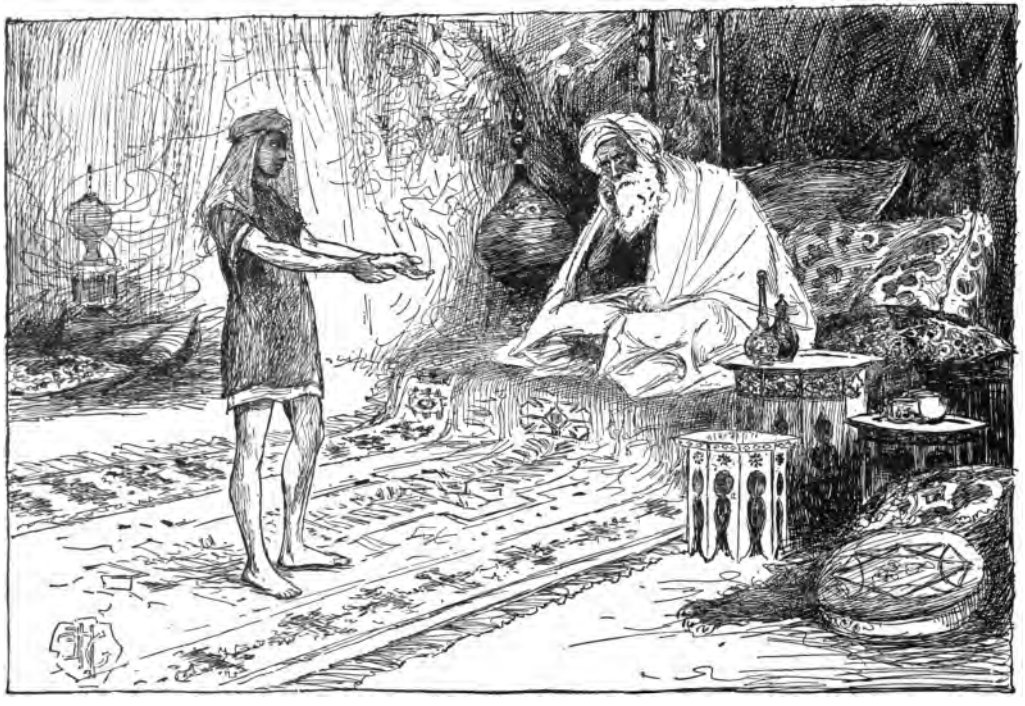
duty. Remember, too, that the weapons you bear in your hands are but to make execution of your justice; for that cause, therefore, make sure that the wars you begin are justly enterprised; then will they have happy success. Unto your friends, my son, be gentle and courteous; unto your enemies, be terrible. But if they demand peace of you, do not in any case refuse it. Do justice, my son, for the love of your people."

To his other sons he said: "Love your brother, and be subject unto him; for he is the head."

But, as he blessed his boys, after the old patriarchal custom of the East, and laid his hand upon the head of each, he hesitated when he came to the blessing of his youngest son, the Shah Rokh. Then, instead of laying his hand upon the head of the prince, he placed it beneath his chin and lifted his head up, thus signifying, so the old records assure us, that while his other sons should be subject to their elder brother, this one, the youngest of them all, should lift his head in rebellion, and triumph against his brother. And so the sequel proved.

That shrewd old conqueror of men, the Emperor Tamerlane, seems always to have entertained strong opinions as to the ambition of this youngest of his sons, the Prince (or Shah) Rokh; he repeatedly declared that the young fellow had more of his father's blood in him than all the rest of his brothers.

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213 "DO THEY MEAN TO MAKE A WOMAN OF YOU, BOY?" CRIED TAMERLANE.

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The story goes that when Prince Rokh was a little fellow, Tamerlane, returning from one of his wars, desired to see his youngest son. The Shah Rokh was then about seven years old, and when the attendants brought him to his father the old warrior was very angry at the way they had rigged the child out.

"Do they mean to make a woman of you, boy?" he cried. "Take off these robes and dress him as a boy should dress who must risk all and bear all."

Then he hung a bow about the boy's neck and bade his attendants never to allow the prince to wear anything upon his head; for, said he, "they who from their birth are called unto sovereignty, should be used both unto cold and heat, and should be exercised in arms betimes—not brought up delicately and easily."

"All that may come in time, O Wolf-Lord!" one of the prince's attendants was bold enough to reply; "the Shah Rokh is yet of tender years."

The old Emperor turned savagely. "Out upon you!" he cried; "the years of youth are never too tender for the test of courage. Look you; this prince, my son, is marked for mastership. If he be not born to be strong in arms he will not be worthy to succeed me; for he that is to preserve my empire, as this my son will do, must not be a weakling nor effeminate."

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And the old Emperor's prophecy came true. For the Shah Rokh, of all his sons, was the only one who did succeed him and who sought to preserve his empire.

After the death of Tamerlane in the camp at Otrar, his sons and his grandsons fell to fighting over the great empire that was their inheritance. But only the Shah Rokh could uphold and preserve his heritage with glory.

He beautified Samarkand. Schools and colleges, mosques and palaces were added to those already built in that gorgeous and barbaric capital, and, above the remains of his mighty father he reared a splendid tomb—the Gur-Emir, whose enamelled dome, after all these centuries of desolation and decay, is still the first object to catch the stranger's eye, as he approaches the ruined city of Samarkand.

The Shah Rokh was as wise and enlightened a prince as he was an ambitious and intrepid warrior, but both he and his son, the literature-loving Ulug-Beg, or Governor Ulug (who built a college and an observatory in Samarkand), seem to have been unable to live up to the maxim of the wise old conqueror, Tamerlane: "The prince who would govern successfully, must learn to put the foot of courage into the stirrup of patience."

It was because of this impatience, and because, as has been well explained by Gibbon, "to reign

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rather than to govern, was the ambition of Tamerlane's children and grandchildren—the enemies of each other and of the people," that Tamerlane's vast empire went to pieces, and that even the wise and brave Shah Rokh, the youngest and cleverest



"THEY FOUGHT AND QUARRELLED OVER THEIR MIGHTY INHERITANCE."

of the sons of Tamerlane, could not keep his possessions intact. Tamerlane, as the boys of to-day would say, "never got rattled"; therefore, he never lost a battle nor failed to gain his ends. But his sons and his grandsons were always "in a fix." They fought and quarrelled over their mighty inheritance; piece by piece, province by province, it slipped from their grasp, until, a hundred years after the death of Tamerlane, the Siberian Tartars, or Uzbeks, as they were called, invaded what was

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left of his domain and drove his descendants from Samarkand.

Of all the thirty-six sons and grandsons of Tamerlane, the Shah Rokh is the only one who has been remembered or finds special record in history. One of his descendants saved the name from utter extinction by going into the business of conquest on his own hook in India, and became famous as "the Great Mogul." This was, however, but a temporary flash after the fireworks were over; and the power of the man who, in his day, had been the greatest conqueror the world has ever seen, crumbled into a ruin which even the wisdom and energy of the brave son of Tamerlane could do nothing to avert.

There is, at least, this to be said of the Shah Rokh, bearing upon an especial study of great men's sons. He did inherit a portion of his father's courage and ability; he did not "peter out," as did so many sons of despots and leaders; certainly, he did not create so much misery or cause so many heartaches as his father the conqueror, of whom it is said that his maxim was never to repent and never to regret.

That Tamerlane rightly assumes a place among the great men of the world no student of history will deny. And yet I am surprised at the ignorance respecting him displayed by very many well-read people, to say nothing of certain bright boys and girls. "Tamerlane? why, who was Tamerlane?" I have

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been asked, or, "What! do you call him a great man?" Others profess to see nothing worthy to be called greatness in a red-handed old Tartar butcher who made skull-pyramids after every victory and exhibited the Turkish Sultan, Bajazet, in a cage.

As to the fact, let me first assure you that Tamerlane was a great man. For, if success implies ability, and ability intelligence, and intelligence genius, and genius greatness, then was Tamerlane great, for all these qualities he possessed. No greater conqueror of men or nations ever lived; —not Alexander nor Cæsar nor Charlemagne nor Napoleon, it has been truthfully asserted, "ever won by the sword so large a portion of the globe, or ruled over so many myriads of subjugated fellow-creatures."

And yet Tamerlane was not alone a bloody conqueror. He was a statesman, a politician, a lawgiver, a financier, a leader and ruler of men. His soldiers were under such discipline, and were yet so blindly devoted to their master, that they were ready to lay down their lives at his bidding, or, harder yet, to abstain from plunder in the hour of victory, or, hardest of all, give up without a murmur the spoils they had stripped from a vanquished foeman. His cruelty was policy rather than ferocity, and his pyramids of human skulls, reared

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before the gates of every conquered city, was rather to terrify his enemies than to gratify his love of blood.

But Tamerlane's greatness was won through blood and tears; his son, the Shah Rokh, was of gentler and more merciful strain. Though a valiant soldier, he was no leader of men as his father had been, and he rested content with an abridged sovereignty and a less terror-inspiring name. He was a patron of learning rather than of arms; and though he fought valiantly to defend his inheritance, he thought more of beautifying his own gorgeous capital than of destroying others, and found more pleasure in building a college than in rearing into a pyramid the severed heads of his enemies.

After all, I think the Shah Rokh, though not a great man, was a more comfortable man than his mighty and terrible father. For, though his name is well-nigh forgotten, it is nobler to be forgotten for virtues than remembered for crimes.



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XIII.

THE SON OF COLUMBUS.

(A.D. 1492.)

IT was a day of excitement in Barcelona. Every boy and girl was early astir, and, from the Roman columns on Paradise Street to the wave-wet breakwater on the beach, the moving throngs were constantly on the watch. For the old Mediterranean city that had opened its gates to Carthaginian and Roman, to Barbarian and Moor, to Frenchman and Spaniard, now prepared to welcome the Italian adventurer who, sailing away upon the Sea of Darkness, had returned to lay the gift of a new world at the feet of the king and queen of Spain.

With a flourish of trumpets, through the Tarragona gate and up Anchor Street, came the procession—as queer a parade as ever the land of Spain had seen.

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Behind the trumpeters and the Barcelona police, or civic guard, walked six dusky, half-naked men, decked with brilliant feathers and glittering with disks and chains of gold. Following them came a long line of porters laden with "the marvels of the Indies"—fruits and flowers and birds of gorgeous plumage, skins of strange beasts, spice plants, golden ornaments, and all the rare and curious spoils of the new-found lands beyond the setting sun.

Then, surrounded by a glittering retinue of the knights and nobles of Spain, mounted on horseback and dressed like a grandee of the realm, rode the man to whom all the honor and all the glory of this day of pageant were due—Don Cristobal Colon, Viceroy of the Indies and Admiral of the Ocean Seas—the daring, persistent, and remarkable man known to us simply as Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America.

Up the street, thronged round about by the welcoming, shouting people, the queer procession moved until, at the old palace of the Moorish kings, it passed in review before a haughty, red-faced man and a graceful, red-haired woman, seated beneath a canopy of brocaded gold—Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain.

Grouped about these shrewd and energetic monarchs—who had driven the Moors from Spain,

harried the Jews and other folk who did not go to their church, and grudgingly consented to an enterprise that brought them glory and a vast, new empire—were the lords and ladies and high dignitaries of their glittering court; beside them was seated a manly young fellow of fifteen, the hope of their realm, their only son, Prince Juan (or John), the heir to their joint thrones of Castile and Aragon.

Behind the chair of the young prince stood a boy of nearly the same age. He was the special attendant and page of Prince John, and, in these brilliant festivities, he seemed almost as much a figure of interest to the boys and girls of Barcelona as was the Admiral himself; almost as much as the six "Indians" in the parade. For this bright-looking boy of fourteen, page to Prince John and a member of his "play" court, was Diego, the son of Columbus.

Already had this boy's life been an eventful one. Born in one of the Azore Islands, the son of a wandering Italian map-peddler, Diego Columbus had been the companion of his father's wanderings when, with the dream of discovery fastened upon him, Columbus left his island home and sought the assistance of kings and princes to enable him to make his dream come true.

Indeed, the story of this boy, little Jimmy Dove

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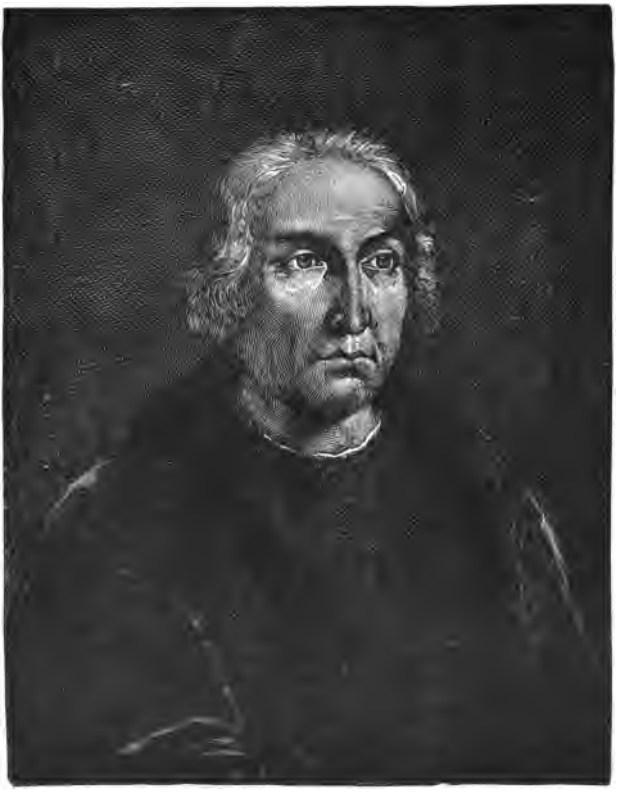
—for thus can his name of Diego Columbus be turned into English—reads almost like a romance. When he was born, in the year 1479, in the town of Porto Santo in the Azore Islands, his father was a tramp sailor and map-peddler, finding it hard work to scrape up a living. When the boy Diego was four years old, things were going even harder with his one-ideaed father, and the boy was taken to Spain and left with his aunt—his mother's sister, who lived in the little town of Huelva and was named Muliar.

This town of Huelva where Aunt Muliar lived and where Diego spent the most of his early boyhood, is an old-time seaport of southwestern Spain. It lies just across the bay from Palos, the port from which Columbus sailed away to the westward when his boy Diego was about fourteen.

It is the same old place that you read of in the Bible under the name of Tarshish, and it has been a shipping port for the copper of southern Spain for ages. It is a low-built, white town with the sea at its feet, a long plain behind it, and, off in the distance, the purple hills of Andalusia.

The boy Diego played on the wharves, fished in the river and the bay, wandered off into the sunny Vega or great plain, and lived the lazy, quiet life of a boy of southern Spain, with never a *pesos* in his pocket to spend—if indeed he had even a pocket,—

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

225 *(From the portrait in the Marine Museum at Madrid.)*

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and with but few clothes on his brown little back and legs.

Diego lived with his aunt at Huelva until the autumn of 1491, when his father, returning from an unsuccessful attempt to interest the king and queen



FROM THE WINDOW OF LA RABIDA.

(Showing the country in which Diego Columbus played as a boy.)

of Spain in his great scheme of western discovery, decided to leave Spain and seek recognition in France.

He determined to take Diego with him. The boy was now nearly twelve years old and could be

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both a help and a companion to his discouraged father.

Together they set out from Huelva, after bidding good-by to Aunt Muliar. As they were on their way to Seville and Cordova, they passed the gate of the Franciscan monastery of La Rabida, a mile and a half from Palos. Diego was thirsty and asked for a drink of water.

That drink of water probably led to the discovery of America; for the hospitable monks of La Rabida gave the little fellow both bread and water, and, while talking with his father, they became interested in the story of his fruitless efforts.

They invited the tramping father and son to spend the night at La Rabida, and the prior or head of the convent, whose name was Juan Perez, grew so interested in the schemes of Columbus that he invited certain friends to meet and talk with him. Then Perez, the prior, posted off to see Queen Isabella himself, and so interested her in the plan, that he brought back a gift of money for Columbus and an invitation to visit the queen and explain his plans.

So boy Diego got a new suit of clothes, and when his father set out for the Spanish camp at Cordova, where Ferdinand and Isabella were fighting the Moors, Diego was left behind at the convent of La Rabida.

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229 COLUMBUS BEFORE ISABELLA.

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Columbus saw the queen; he interested her in his belief as to the possibility of finding rich countries by sailing to the west; but he demanded so great a share for himself in case of his success that, once more, his request for aid was denied, and, sadly enough, he turned back to join his boy at La Rabida and then leave Spain forever.

But, as you all know, Queen Isabella changed her mind; she decided to agree to the demands of Columbus, and sent a galloping courier after him to bring him back to court. The courier overtook Columbus on the picturesque Bridge of Pines, six miles from Cordova.

The adventurer turned again and rode back to Cordova. There he made his bargain with Queen Isabella, and the whole current of his life was changed.

It was changed also for little Diego. For when his father set sail from Palos with his three crazy little ships to cross the western ocean, young Diego had become a very important young gentlemen. For Queen Isabella took such a fancy to the boy that she appointed him page to her own son, the young Prince Juan, a boy about Diego's age.

This appointment was made on the eighth of May, 1492. Four days later his father bade Diego good-by, and went to Palos to get ready for his voyage.

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That famous voyage, as you know, was begun on the third of August. At that time Diego was a busy young page of the court, feeling very grand no doubt that his father was Admiral and Don, and that he himself was to be Don Diego when he became a man. It was, indeed, quite a change for the ragged little street boy of Huelva and the thirsty little tramp of La Rabida.

But, as I have assured you, he felt even more grand on that eventful day when, at the palace at Barcelona, his father was received in such state and ceremony by the king and queen, bringing to them all the marvellous things he had found in the strange lands over the sea, and was graciously invited to sit in their presence—"as grand as the king himself," no doubt young Diego boasted—and tell them the story of his adventures and discoveries.

Perhaps young Diego felt prouder yet next day, as he rode behind Prince Juan, and watched his gray-haired, majestic-looking father, Columbus the Admiral, riding through the streets of Barcelona, with King Ferdinand on one side and Prince Juan on the other, while all the people stared and applauded and said: "See; there is the man who has found a new way to the Indies. Is not he lucky? And there is his son."

The boy Diego had even more share in this kingly favor than even he imagined at the time.

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THE BRIDGE OF PINES.

(Where Queen Isabella's messenger turned Columbus back.)

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For Ferdinand and Isabella agreed that the titles granted to Columbus should descend to his son. They ordered that the Admiral, too, should have a coat-of-arms like any great lord or grandee in proof of his nobility, and this coat-of-arms was also to descend to his son.

You may be sure that Columbus shared his glory with his boy, for the old man was always very fond of his son. Then he sailed away on a second voyage, and Diego resumed his duties as a page to the prince.

It was a fine schooling in good manners that Diego Columbus received as page to Prince John. The court of Spain was a brilliant one. Its successes over the Moors had brought it riches and power; and gallant soldiers, haughty nobles, and high-bred ladies made it both elegant and picturesque.

Young Prince John had a miniature court of his own, and in this Diego had place and duty. But in 1497 the hopes of Spain were dashed, for Prince John suddenly sickened and died, to the great grief of his father and mother and the people over whom he was to rule.

But Isabella the queen retained her favor for Diego Columbus, and after the death of Prince John she appointed this son of Columbus as one of her own pages. So Diego lived on at court. He

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served his sovereigns in one position or another all through the eventful and varied life of his famous father, who was so often raised to success and so often tasted the bitter cup of defeat, of loss, and disgrace.

Whether he cared more for the honors and perquisites of his court favor than for the success and comfort of his worried old father, we cannot say. It would seem sometimes as if he did. For, again and again, we find the old Admiral writing to his boy from the midst of his failures and persecutions, begging Diego to intercede for him and gain from the king and queen recognition of his services and the adjustment of his claim.

For you must know that more than the discovery of a new world to Columbus were the promises that had been made to him because of this discovery—promises that were never kept. King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella were a tricky couple. It was not altogether their fault,—it was the fault of their time. They tricked the Moors whom they conquered, quite as much by underhand ways as by gallant fighting. They tricked the Jews, whose money they "borrowed" to carry on their wars; and they, of course, tricked Columbus—promising him much and paying nothing.

But Columbus would not yield an inch in his demands. He would have all or nothing. He got nothing—and died in poverty and loneliness.

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BRONZE STATUE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS BEFORE THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

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We do not find that Diego Columbus was present by his father's sick-bed at Valladolid, nor with him when, in May, 1506, he died. The young man seems rather to have been selfishly looking out for Number One at court. But, after his father's death, the son took up the unsuccessful claim, and was so shrewd a schemer, or so great a favorite, that in less than a year after the death of Columbus young Diego, now about twenty-four years old, was established in all the contracts for which his father had fought but never obtained.

Diego was named "Admiral of the Seas" and "Viceroy of the Indies"; he was granted a princely income from the revenues of the new lands; and, to crown all, like the young prince he had become, he married a princess and the cousin of the King, and was therefore, like the hero of the fairy tales, certain to live happy ever after! It was quite a rise for the little tramp of Huelva and La Rabida, was it not?

He entered at once upon his possessions. He sailed to the new world as governor and viceroy, with a splendid equipment, and nobles, priests, and soldiers in his train.

He ruled in the great castle, still standing in Santo Domingo City—the Homanaje; he built him a splendid palace, the ruins of which to-day shelter only pigs and dirt; and he kept so fine a

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court in his island realm that the people in Spain at last grew jealous of his wealth and grandeur; they preferred charges of cruelty and extortion against him and induced the king to cut away some of his powers and possessions. This



THE HOMANAJE, OR CASTLE OF DON DIEGO COLUMBUS AT SANTO DOMINGO CITY (STILL STANDING)

brought Don Diego home in hot haste to protest against the injustice, and to demand even greater concessions because of the services of his father Columbus. He was shrewd enough to lend

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money to the new Emperor of Germany, who was also King of Spain, the famous Charles the Fifth; and as a result he received the authority and concessions he demanded.

Again he went to his palace in Santo Domingo; again the jealousy and charges were renewed; and



THE PALACE OF DON DIEGO COLUMBUS, STILL STANDING IN SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

again he hurried to Spain to look out for Number One. He had harder work this time. Indeed it was so hard that Don Diego broke down under the strain and suddenly died at Montalvan in Spain, on the 23d of February, 1526, at the early age of forty-two.

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So you see the fairy tale did not turn out just like a real fairy tale, after all—for, certainly, Don Diego, who married the princess, did not live happily ever after. Perhaps, if he had not been quite so selfish and grasping, if he had been satisfied with less, and more thoughtful of his duties as a governor than of his "rights" as the son of his father, life would have been pleasanter, longer, and more satisfactory.

But Diego Columbus lived in a day of greed, surrounded by an atmosphere of selfishness, rapacity, and jealousy. Each man was afraid his neighbor would get more from that treasure house of the Indies than he, and from king to cabin boy they all tried to get the best of one another.

Without inheriting the ability, the energy, the faith, the persistence, or the high motives of his great father, Diego Columbus did succeed to that father's greed, ambition, selfishness, and lack of moral strength. He introduced the negro-slave trade into America; he persecuted the helpless Indians; he stimulated that thirst for gold that was the cause of Spain's weakness and downfall.

His was but another case of misused opportunity. Diego Columbus had every chance a man could have to make a name for himself, and to leave a record for wise actions and gentle deeds that might have made his name even greater than his

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father's. Las Casas, the Spanish priest, made for himself a name that is glorious in the story of the days of Columbus and in the annals of philanthropy; because, in an age of cruelty, he dared to plead for kindness, and in a time of tyranny he cried aloud for justice. Diego Columbus heard but did not heed this voice; he saw but never accepted his opportunity. He was devoured with the desire for gold and power, and, though he gained both, they became the instruments of his own worrying into an early death. They added no new glory to the name of Columbus that the world now holds as famous; for nothing that Diego Columbus accomplished has strenghtened the glory of that name; it is famous simply because of the persistent faith and indomitable pluck of this boy's great father—Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America.



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XIV.

THE SON OF LUTHER.

(1521.)

HIGH on a Saxon hillside overlooking the pleasant valley of the Itz, and in the shadow of the loftier Frankenwalds, stands an old castle now gray with age and rich in memories. In one of its many guest-rooms, near an open window, about which crows and jackdaws hung with swirl and clamor, there sat, many years ago, a stockily built, firm-featured, fearless-eyed man writing a letter.

Armed men fill the castle; upon its walls and on its highest turrets watchmen stand on guard; above it floats the standard of the Elector of Saxony; and the great gate opens only to the summons of those who come with credentials or password.

The time is one of anxiety and excitement, for the Protestant princes of northern Germany have taken a bold stand against their lord the Emperor.

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Messengers ride daily to and from the castle, and letters are sent now this way and now that, freighted with important measures or heavy with words of protest, counsel, and appeal, strengthening those who waver, restraining those who are over-bold.

As by his open window in the ancient castle of Coburg, where his presence is honored and his word is law, the strong man sits at work, what is the letter that he writes? Who is the Prince or preacher for whom his words of wisdom are penned? Is he a soldier issuing commands, or a councillor sending advice to elector, duke, or king?

We draw near the writer, and as we look over his shoulder, following the queer old German script his quick quill traces on the paper, this is what we read:

"Grace and peace in Christ. My dear little son, I am glad to hear that thou learnest well and prayest diligently. Do this, my son, and continue it; when I return home I will bring thee a fine fairing.

"I know a beautiful cheerful garden, in which many children walk about. They have golden coats on, and gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears and cherries and plums; they sing, and jump about, and are merry; they have also fine little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles. And I asked the man, 'Whose children are they?' He replied, 'These are the children who like to pray and learn and are pious.' Then I said, 'My good man, I have a son; his name is John Luther; may he not also come to this garden to eat such nice apples and pears, and ride such fine little horses and play with

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these children?' And the man said, 'If he likes to pray and learn and is pious, he shall come to this garden with Philip and James; and when they all come together they shall have pipes and cymbals, flutes and other musical instruments, and dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.

"And he showed me a fine meadow in the garden prepared for dancing, there being nothing but golden pipes, cymbals, and beautiful silver cross-bows. But it was yet early and the children had not dined. Therefore I could not wait for the dancing, and said to the man,' My good master, I will go quickly and write all this to my dear son John, that he may pray diligently, learn well, and be pious, that he also may be admitted into this garden; but he hath an Aunt Lena whom he must bring with him.' The man answered, 'So be it; go and write this to him.'

"Therefore, my dear little son John, learn and pray with all confidence; and tell this to Philip and James, that they also may learn and pray; and ye will all meet in this beautiful garden. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. Give greetings to Aunt Lena, and also a kiss from me. Thy father who loves thee,

"MARTIN LUTHER.

"19th June, 1530."

A cheery, bright, helpful, story-like letter to a boy, is it not? Written from that old German castle in a time of danger and of controversy, it suggests rather the home-loving, peace-loving, gentle-minded father than the man of action, the leader of people, the shaper of opinions to whom men looked for guidance, leadership, and deliverance. It shows us, however, how even in the midst of alarms the heart of the leader goes out from turmoil and danger to

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the home he loves, and the dear ones who are always in his thoughts. For the writer of this "Hans Andersen" sort of letter was neither soldier, prince nor priest. He was, indeed, greater than soldier, prince, or priest; he was the one man who



LUTHER WITH HIS THESES, BEFORE THE CHURCH DOOR AT WITTENBERG.

gave the death-blow to the ignorance of the Dark Ages, and changed the history of the world. For the writer was Martin Luther, the apostle of the Reformation, the "renegade monk" who dared, in

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spite of Pope and Orders, to tell the world that alike the Word of God and the conscience of man were free; and who, in the year 1521, commanded by Pope and Emperor to take back his bold words, heroicly said, in the midst of enemies and in the face of almost certain death: "I may not, I cannot retract; for it is neither safe nor right to act against conscience. Here stand I. I cannot do otherwise. God help me."

And the little four-year-old boy to whom this story-like letter was written was Luther's first-born, his dearly loved "son John." He was named for his grandfather Hans (or John) Luther, the Saxon miner, and he was born in June, 1526, in the cloister-home in Wittenberg, where his father, Martin Luther, had first lived as monk, and afterwards as master. For when that monk made his heroic stand, and the men of northern Germany followed him as a leader, the Prince of his homeland, who was called the Elector of Saxony, gave him as his home the Augustinian convent at Wittenberg, which had been deserted by the monks, who would not follow the man whom they called "the renegade."

Here, in the cloisters of the old convent, close to the city wall, and almost overhanging the river Elbe, Martin Luther and his wife Catherine made their home; here they received into their house-

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hold, students, professors, travellers, and guests—men anxious to hear the glad tidings of religious freedom that this great leader proclaimed to Germany and the world; and here, as I have told you, in June, 1526, was "Hanschen," or "little Johnny," Luther born.

Martin Luther was a man who loved home and family ties, and from babyhood little John was most dear to him. The Reformer's letters to his friends are full of references to the small stranger who had come into the Wittenberg home; and neither hot religious disputes, knotty theological problems, nor grave political happenings could crowd Johnny out of the father's heart.

We get these glimpses of "our John" frequently. "Through the grace of God there has come to us," he writes to one of his friends, "a little Hans [John] Luther, a hale and hearty first-born"; and a few days later he says that, with wife and son, he envies neither Pope nor Emperor. Of the year-old boy he writes, in May, 1527, "My little Johnny is lively and robust, and eats and drinks like a hero."

That year of 1527 some terribly contagious disease, called, as all such "catching" illnesses then were, "the plague," visited Wittenberg and converted the Luther household "into a hospital." "Thy little favorite John"—thus he closes a letter

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to a friend—"does not salute thee, for he is too ill to speak; but through me he solicits your prayers. For the last twelve days he has not eaten a morsel. 'T is wonderful to see how the poor child keeps up his spirits; he would manifestly be as gay and joyous as ever, were it not for the excess of his physical weakness." It was in the midst of the poverty and worry that the plague and the other crosses he endured brought about, that Luther wrote his great hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," one of the grand and triumphant "Hymns of the Ages," and we can imagine that, with his powerful voice, he rang the hymn out gladly when, in December, 1527, he could write thankfully, "Our John is well and strong again."

Luther was a great letter-writer, and in the midst of pressing duties and important deeds, while away from his loved ones, he could always find time to write home. Many of these "letters home" remain on record, beginning "To the gracious dame Catherine Luther, my dear spouse, who is tormenting herself quite unnecessarily"; or, "To my sweet wife Catherine Luther von Born. Grace and peace in the Lord. Dear Catherine, we hope to be with you again if it please God." But among the most famous of these Luther letters is that one which, when "our John" was just four years old, his father wrote from the old castle of Coburg, in the

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of popes, the dictates of kings, the pleadings of the timid, and the threats of the hostile.

The father of little John Luther ranks high among the world's great men; but his greatness, for us, is increased rather than diminished because of his simple home life and his strong home love; for "he that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much," and we find as much pleasure in our glimpses of his life in his Wittenberg home. among his boys and girls as in seeing him nail up the famous "theses" on the church door, or in his heroic journey to face the hostile Diet at Worms. No man is ever too great to neglect the petty duties of home, or ignore the simple loves and dear devotions of a quiet family life.

Five boys and girls blessed that cloister-home at Wittenberg. The Luthers were never "well-to-do"; sometimes they were so short of money—for Luther was over-generous in his charities—as to feel the pinch of poverty. But Luther had friends in high places who would not let him want, and he was therefore able to give his boys tutors at home, and good instruction later on in life.

"Son John" could scarcely be called a brilliant scholar. Indeed, he was a bit dull, and inclined to take things easy. In this, his mother seems to have been just a trifle partial to her first-born, and inclined to help him thus take things easy. So,

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when he was sixteen, "son John" was sent away to school.

From the letter which he bore from his father to Mark Crodel, the teacher of the Latin school in the Saxon town of Torgau, young John seems to have entered the school as a sort of "pupil-teacher"; for thus the letter runs:

"According to our arrangement, my dear Mark, I send thee my son John, that thou mayst employ him in teaching the children grammar and music, and at the same time superintend and improve his moral conduct. If thou succeedest in improving him, I will send thee two other sons of mine. For, though I desire my children to be good divines, yet I would have them sound grammarians and accomplished musicians."

Young John would seem to have been sent to Torgau as one needing correction; and, indeed, I am afraid he was not always a good or a dutiful son; otherwise it is hard to explain the words of Luther when one of his friends spoke of the boy's frequent attacks of illness. "Ay," said Dr. Luther, "'t is the punishment due to his disobedience. He almost killed me once, and ever since I have but little strength of body. Thanks to him, I now thoroughly understand that passage where St. Paul speaks of children who kill their parents not by the sword, but by disobedience."

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Just how the son "nearly killed" his father we cannot say. It may have been the great man's strong way of putting things; but evidently "son John" also needed reformation. Martin Luther was a man of intense convictions and strong heroisms. He was a masterful man, and such men always wish to have their own way—and to make it the way also of their sons and daughters. So, you can perhaps understand that when young John went counter to his father's counsels and commands it was like a stroke of the sword, that cut deep into the father's heart.

Perhaps, therefore, John was not what we should call so "awfully bad" even though he "nearly killed" his great father; but, however that may have been, we certainly catch more glimpses of John's good side than of his bad side. Among these are many that show love of father and mother, and the enjoyment of home—notably a famous game of bowls in the long courts of the old convent home at Wittenberg, where John and certain of Luther's divinity students played a match game against the Reformer himself and other students, and beat them roundly.

Young John Luther evidently revered and honored his mighty father, even if he did occasionally go contrary to his desires or "break over the traces."

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He was his father's confidant in many important matters, and the companion of his father in many of his expeditions about Germany. For Luther was constantly in demand to keep the barons of Germany in line with the new movement of Protestant Germany, and John was with him on that fatal trip to Eisleben in January, 1546, when the Reformer, at the Elector's request, sought to reconcile the quarrelsome Counts of Mansfeld.

With his boy he forded the icy rivers Mulde and Saale, where they nearly lost their lives, and where the Reformer doubtless "caught his death." Escorted by horsemen and spearmen, Luther and his son entered Eisleben; the Counts of Mansfeld were reconciled, but Luther fell sick, and that very night, the 18th of February, he died.

All Germany mourned the great man's death; all Germany hoped that his boys might follow in the father's steps. But the three sons of Luther seem only to have turned out respectable men, without any of the elements of greatness or leadership.

John Luther made a fairly good lawyer. He married the daughter of one of his professors at Königsberg University; served as a soldier in the German army; settled down, and died at Königsberg, in the year 1576, at the age of fifty. His name is chiefly remembered as the "dear Johnny" and "son John" of his great father's letters, and of

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the happy home circle in the cloister-house at Wittenberg. He left neither name nor deed to make his memory a word in the mouths of men; yet we cannot but feel that, as the son of Luther, he must have been proud of the great father whom he remembered only with love and reverence, and, let us hope, rejoiced to see the regard the world paid to the masterful ways of the great Reformer and leader, whose gifts the son did not inherit, and whose name he but feebly upheld.



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XV.

THE SON OF SHAKSPERE.

(A.D. 1595.)

MANY years ago had you been, let us say, a tinker travelling with your wares or a knight riding by, you might have passed, upon a small arched bridge that spanned a little river in the heart of "Merrie England," a small boy, hanging over the coping of the bridge, now watching the rippling water, or now, with eager eyes, looking along the roadway that ran between green meadows toward that distant London, from which, perhaps, you were tramping or riding.

I think, as you passed, you would have looked twice at that small boy on the bridge, whether you were low-down tinker or high-born knight. For he was a bright, sweet-faced little ten-year-old in his quaint sixteenth-century costume, and the look of expectancy in his eyes might, as it fell upon your face,

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have shaped itself into the spoken question, "Have you seen my father as you came along?"

Whereupon, had you been the lordly knight, you might have said: "And who might your father be, little one?" Or, had you been the low-down tramping tinker, you would probably have grunted out:

"Hoi, zurs! An' who be'est yur feythur, lud?"

To either of which questions that small boy on the bridge would have answered in some surprise—for he supposed that, surely, all men knew his father.

"Why; Master William Shakspere, the player in London."

For that little river is the Avon; that small bridge of arches is Clopton's mill-bridge; that small boy is Hamnet, the only son of Master William Shakspere, of Henley Street in Stratford-on-Avon. And in the year 1595, the name of William Shakspere was already known in London as that of one of the Lord Chamberlain's company of actors, and a writer of masterly poems and plays.

Perhaps, if you were the tinker, you might be tired enough with your tramping to throw off your pack and, sitting upon it, to talk with the little lad; or, if you were the knight, it might please your worship to breathe your horse upon the bridge and hold a moment's converse with the child.

Were you tinker or knight the time would not be misspent, for you would find young Hamnet Shakspere a most entertaining little chap.

He would tell you of his twin sister Judith—something of a "tom-boy," I fear, but a pretty and lovable little girl nevertheless. And, as Hamnet told you about Judith, you would remember—no, you would not, though! for neither tinker nor knight nor any other Englishman of 1595 knew what we to-day know of Shakspere's plays; but if you should happen to have a prophetic dream of the little fellow you might conclude that Shakspere's twins must have been often in the great writer's mind; for they stole into his work repeatedly in such shapes as that charming brother and sister of his *Twelfth Night*—Sebastian and Viola—

> "An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
> Than these two creatures,"

or the twin brothers, Antipholus of Ephesus, and Syracuse, and those very, very funny twin brothers of the *Comedy of Errors*, forever famous as the Two Dromios.

And if young Hamnet told you of his sister he would tell you, doubtless, of his grandfather who was once the bailiff or head man of Stratford town, and who lived with them in the little house in Henley Street; and especially would he tell you of

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his own dear father, Master William Shakspere, who wrote poems and plays and had even acted, at the last Christmas revels, before Her Majesty the Queen in her palace at Greenwich. For you may be sure boy Hamnet was very proud of this—thinking more of it, no doubt, than of all the poems and plays his father had written.

Then, perhaps, you could lead the boy to tell you about himself. He might tell you how he liked his school—if he did like it; for perhaps, like his father's schoolboy, he did sometimes go—

> "with his satchel
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail
> Unwillingly to school."

He would, however, be more interested to tell you that he went to school in the Chapel of the Holy Cross, because the old school-house next door, to which his father had gone as a boy, was being repaired that year, and he liked going to school in the chapel because it gave him more holidays.

Ah! he would tell you, he did enjoy those holidays. For the little house in Henley Street was a bit crowded, and he liked to be out-of-doors, being, I suspect, rather a boy of the woods and fields than of the *Horn-book*, the *Queen's Grammar*, and *Cato's Maxims*, which were what he had to study at his school. He and Judith had jolly good times,

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MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, OF NEW PLACE IN STRATFORD.

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playing; for Judith was a good comrade and really had it easier than he did—so he would say, just a bit enviously perhaps,—for Judith never went to school. In fact, to her dying day, Judith Shakspere,—think of that you Shakspere scholars!—a daughter of the greatest name in English literature, could neither read nor write.

So the Shakspere twins would roam the fields, and knew, blindfolded, all that bright country-side about beautiful Stratford. Their father was a great lover of nature. You know that from reading his plays; and in this his twins took after him. Young Hamnet Shakspere loved to hang over Clopton bridge, as we found him to-day, watching the rippling Avon as it wound through the Stratford meadows and past the little town. He knew all the turns and twists of that storied river with which his great father's name is now so closely linked. He knew where to find and how to catch the perch and pike that swam beneath its surface. He and Judith had punted on it above and below Clopton bridge, and on many a warm summer day he had stripped for a swim in its cooling water.

He knew Stratford from the Guild Pits to the Worcester Road, and from the Salmon Tail to the Cross-on-the-Hill. He could tell you how big a jump it was across the streamlet in front of the Rother Market, and how much higher the roof of

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the Bell was than of the Wool Shop, next door—for he had climbed them both.

He knew where, in Stratford meadows, the violets grew thickest and bluest in the spring, where the tall cowslips fairly "smothered" the fields, as the boys and girls of Stratford affirmed, and where, in the wood by the weir-brakes, just below the town, the fairies sometimes came from the Long Compton quarries to dance and sing on a midsummer night.

Time and again, he had wandered along the Avon from Luddington to Charlecote. He had taken many a trip to his mother's home cottage at Shottery, and to his grandfather's orchards at Snitterfield, for leather-coats and wardens. He knew how to snare rabbits and "conies" in Hemington woods, and he had learned how to tell, by their horns, the age of the deer in Charlecote park—descendants, perhaps, of that very deer, because of which his father once got into trouble with testy old Sir Thomas Lucy, the lord of Charlecote manor.

The birds were his pets and playfellows. And what quantities there were all about Stratford town! Hamnet knew their ways and their traditions. He could tell you why the lark was hanged for treason; how the swan celebrated its own death; how the wren came to be king of the birds;

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and how the cuckoo swallowed its step-father. He could tell you where the nightingale and the lark sang their sweetest "tirra-terra" in the weir-border below Stratford church, and just how many thievish jackdaws made their nests in Stratford spire. He could show you the very fallow in which he had caught a baby lapwing scudding away with its shell on its head, and in just what field the crow-boys had rigged up the best kind of a scarecrow to frighten the hungry birds.

So you see, little Hamnet Shakspere could keep you interested with his talk until it was time —if you were the tramping tinker—to toss once more your heavy pack on your shoulders, or, if you were lordly knight, to cry "get on" to your now rested horse. And, by this time, you would have discovered that here was a boy who, with eyes to see and ears to hear all the sights and sounds of that beautiful country about Stratford and along the Avon's banks, had learned also to find, as his father, later on, described it :

> "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

A clatter of hoofs rings upon the London highway. The boy springs to his feet; he scarcely waits to give you his hasty good-day, but with a hop, skip, and jump, flies across the bridge and

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along the road. And, as he is lifted to the saddle by the well-built, handsome man with scarlet doublet, loose riding-cloak, broad white collar, auburn hair and beard, who sits his white horse so well, you know that father and son are riding home together, and that there will be joy in the little home in Henley Street. For Master William Shakspere, the London player, has come from town to spend a day at home, in Stratford village which he loves so dearly.

Perhaps, two or three years later, you may be led again to tramp or ride through Stratford town. As you loiter a while at the Bear Tavern, near the Clopton bridge, you recognize the arches and the pleasant river that flows beneath them, and then you remember the little boy with whom you talked on the bridge.

To your inquiries, the landlord of the Bear says, with a sigh and a shake of the head:

"A gentle lad, sir, and a sad loss to his father."

"What—dead?" you ask.

"Yes; two years ago," the landlord replies. "Little Hamnet was never very strong, to be sure, but he sickened and died almost before we knew aught was wrong with him. A sad loss to his father. Master Shakspere dearly loved the lad, and while he was gathering fame and wealth he

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269 "MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPERE HAS COME FROM TOWN."

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thought most, I doubt not, of the boy to whom he was to pass them on."

"So Master William Shakspere has grown rich as well as famous, has he?" you ask; for all England knows, by this time, of his wonderful plays.

"Indeed, yes," the landlord answers you. "See, sir, over the trees, that big house yonder? It is New Place, bought in the spring of this very year of 1597 by Master Shakspere, and put into fine repair. And there all his family live now—his wife, Mistress Ann, his old father, Master John, and all the children. But little Hamnet is not there; and I doubt not, sir, Master Shakspere would gladly give all New Place and his big theatre in London, too, if he could have that son of his back again, alive and well, and as happy of face as he used to be in the old house in Henley Street."

The landlord of the Bear is right. Hamnet Shakspere ended his short life on the eleventh of August, 1596, being then but eleven years old.

We know but little of his famous father's private life; we know even less of the son he so dearly loved. Nor can any one say, had the boy but lived, whether he would have inherited anything of his great father's genius.

The play of *Hamlet* may, as some students assert, have been so called in memory of the boy Hamnet, so nearly are the names alike; even more is it

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possible that the lovely boy, Prince Arthur, whose tragic story is a part of Shakspere's play of *King John*, may have been drawn in memory of the writer's dead boy. For *King John* was written in the year of young Hamnet Shakspere's death; and with the loss of the boy he so dearly loved weighing upon his soul, the great writer, whose name and fame the years only make yet more great, may thus have put into words a tender memory of the short-lived little Hamnet, the gentle son of Shakspere.



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XVI.

THE SON OF CROMWELL.

(A. D. 1650.)

IN the famous old English village of St. Ives—famous because of a certain nursery rhyme concerning a man who, travelling toward the town, met seven wives with their seven cats and kits—there once lived a farmer, who, later in his life, became more famous than St. Ives itself.

Out West, in this country, they would have called him a ranchman. He was really a cattle farmer, with a big grazing farm that lay along the river Ouse, in what is termed "the fen country" of England. Here, where the Ouse slipped thickly and lazily through those low, green, boggy, marshy fields called the fens, this farmer raised his beef, his pork, and his mutton; and here lived his son Richard, as lazy and sluggish of nature as the river along whose banks he lounged, or fished, or wandered as

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a boy, until it was time to send him off to Felstead School, in Essex, where his brothers, before and after him, were placed for such education as those days provided.

A slow, good-natured, easy-going fellow was this boy Dick—"lazy Dick," his father often nicknamed him; he was neither as bright in mind or manner as his younger brother Harry, nor as promising a lad as his elder brother Robert. Robin was what this elder brother was called; he was the delight and hope of his fond father—then called by his neighbors "the Lord of the Fens," because of the stand he had taken against the king's threatened "improvement" of the marshy fen lands. To-day the world honors and reveres that sturdy farmer of the fens as Britain's mightiest man—Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England.

We catch a few glimpses—not many, unfortunately—of the quiet home at St. Ives, in which the Cromwell boys and girls lived. It was a happy and united home, blest with a mother whom her children revered, and having at its head a father they honored and never dared to disobey.

But fathers in those days,—two hundred and fifty years and more ago,—though stern in their ways with children, were as fond and as loving as are the fathers of to-day. Cromwell the farmer,

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Cromwell the general, Cromwell the lord protector, loved his children dearly, and labored for their good, alike in the great palace at Whitehall as in the low, timber-framed house upon the one street of St. Ives, where the willows shivered in the wind, and the cattle grazed and fattened upon the wide marshy meadows that lined the sluggish Ouse.

How young Dick Cromwell fared as a boy at St. Ives we have little means of knowing. When he was ten years old—in the year 1636—the Cromwells moved into a bigger house at Ely, fifteen miles away. It was called Ely from the eels that wriggled about in the muddy Ouse; it is that famous cathedral town of the fens, where King Canute, who tried to order back the tide, once bade his rowers stop his boat that he might hear the monks of the cathedral sing.

Probably boy Dick thought more of bobbing for eels in the Ouse than of King Canute and the monks; for there were no monks singing in England when Richard Cromwell was a boy; there was soon to be no king in England, either; and in that great uprising against principalities and powers Dick Cromwell's father was to bear an important part.

We would like to know more of Richard Cromwell's boyhood. We would like to know how he lived and what he did as a small boy on that cattle

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farm among the fens at St. Ives, and at the more spacious homestead in the shadow of the great gray towers of Ely Cathedral. We would like to know whether he liked sport, as most boys do, or whether he was too lazy to exert himself at play. We would like to know how he studied, and what he learned at the Free Grammar-School at Felstead, where, one after the other, four of the Cromwell boys were sent; whether he loved football as much as his father did, and became a champion full-back, as his father had been when he was a boy.

I am afraid Richard Cromwell was just as careless at his books as at the later duties that came to him; for, from things that have come down to us, we know that his busy father, who was as ambitious for his boys as all fathers are, had but little patience with lazy bones anywhere, and reproved boy Dick for his carelessness, just as he found fault with young Mr. Dick, in later years, for his shiftless ways.

Troublesome times came to England. The people rose in defence of their rights. The king fell. The throne and crown were abolished. The parliament bent before the iron will of the people's champion; and, after serving grandly as captain of a troop and general of an army, the determined farmer of the fens took the helm and steered his country through reefs and breakers, until, under the leadership of Oliver Cromwell, the Common-

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was present at the battle of Marston Moor, that famous fight that broke forever the king's power in northern England, and made the people supreme. We cannot discover that he desired either the position or prominence that his father's rise to greatness gave him. Richard Cromwell cared only to live and die a quiet, inoffensive, lazy country squire. At any other time in the history of the world he might easily have lived "unknown, unhonored, and unsung." It was his father's fame that brought him into notice; it was because he had neither the will, the inclination, nor the ability to take up his father's work, and carry it forward for the greatness and glory of England, that, to-day, the world holds in such slight esteem this quiet son of Cromwell.

We should not blame people for not doing what they cannot do. It may be, indeed, that "lazy Dick" was not shiftless though he was lazy, nor a numskull simply because he was not great. Richard Cromwell liked to take things easy; he hated to be bothered; he liked to keep out of trouble, and was willing to let the world wag as it would, so long as he had a comfortable home and nothing particular to do.

There is nothing really bad in this. Bad boys and men of that stamp, you know, never help the world along.

And I am afraid that "lazy Dick," notwithstand-

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ing all his opportunities and the high
which he was finally advanced, never d
to help the world along. If a good th
his way he took it, enjoyed it if he co
out of it if it proved troublesome and l

When he was twenty his father tri
him a lawyer; but he soon droppe
fession. He offered him a command
but Dick seems never to have accepte
he was twenty-three he married a
Hampshire. Oliver Cromwell loved
but he and her father had their hands f
to make Dick "toe the mark."

For, whenever he could, Richar
would slip away from the work of t
father wished him to do and would go o
have a good time with other rich do-no
Hampshire farm. He disliked the a
court of his father at Whitehall Palace
sent to Parliament he did little and sai
when he was made one of his father's c
—a privy councillor, it was called—
amounted to nothing, and his positio
what politicians call a sinecure, and
snap."

When, at last, his great father's li
and England was left without a h
Cromwell was named as his successo

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the Right Honorable Lord Richard, Protector of the Commonwealth. Lazy Dick became king of England, without the title, but with more of power than many a king before and after him possessed.

But he had neither the skill nor the sense to hold what the people had given him. I doubt if he cared either for the place or the power. They were his, however, but a short time. Dissatisfaction broke into revolt. The nation was divided. The king came to his own again. Charles the Second was placed upon the throne from which his father had been hurled, and Richard Cromwell, without a word of protest, without striking a blow for his power, stepped quietly down from the Lord Protector's chair his father had set up, and slipped back into private life, too weak to be defended by his friends, too insignificant to be persecuted by his foes.

He lived to be an old, old man, and died at eighty-six amid his rose-gardens at Cheshunt, near London, unhonored and disregarded by the England his father had liberated, but which the son was too weak to uphold as a free commonwealth.

We must not be too hard on "lazy Dick." He had not a spark of greatness in him, and should not be blamed for failing to maintain his father's glory. As you must have learned, even before you

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have reached Dick Cromwell's story
it is no easy thing for a small son to l
fame of a great father.

And yet the world does not take l
into account. Richard Cromwell, tc
place in the world's esteem. His
because he was his father's son; beca
failure where his father had been a
because his life was so sorry and stupi
the people's stand for liberty, in th
glorious in English history by the
power, the grandeur and manliness,
and patriotism of England's foremost
Cromwell, great father of a small son.



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XVIII.

THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

(A.D. 1820.)

A GREAT crowd thronged the garden of the Tuileries. The boom of a cannon fell upon their listening ears. There came another, and then another. The people in the garden counted; with raised hands, some checked off the boom! boom! some did it with nods of the head; some with the one—two—three cried aloud.

"Nineteen—twenty—twenty-one," they counted. Then, with open ears, they listened breathlessly. "Twenty-two! Hurrah! hurrah!" they shouted. "A boy; it is a boy!" they cried, "Long live the Emperor! Long live the King of Rome!"

It was the 20th of March, 1811. A baby had been born in the palace of the Tuileries. The booming cannon announced the great event, and the people knew that, for a girl, twenty-one guns

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were to be fired ; for a boy, one hundre
the twenty-second gun boomed out, t
need for further counting. All the
that an heir to the throne of France ha
and with loud acclamations they shc
come !" and "long life !" to the son c

He was a bright, pretty little fell
father loved him from the day he was b
very first cry Napoleon caught him up
ing to the great chamber in which t
men of the empire were waiting, prese
"His Majesty, the King of Rome !"

It was at the height of Napoleon's
Europe lay at his feet. Thrones and
were his to give away ; but for his son
the title that would revive the greatne
of the ancient days and recall the wid
of Charlemagne ; the little Napoleon
King of Rome, and heir to the Empi

Few boy-babies were ever more re
His christening was one of the grand
that had ever been presented in that sp
—the cathedral of Notre Dame. It wa
the seventh of June, that the baby wa
His progress from the great palace of
to the cathedral was through crowde
cheering throngs of people. Through
of glittering helmets and nodding plu

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baby rode—the least concerned in all that great parade. All along the route stretched a double row of picked soldiers and grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, while at the church waited a throng of princes and peers, of great officials of the crown, of cardinals and bishops and archbishops, of senators and courtiers, and the mayors of the chief cities of the empire, to honor the baptismal day of this son of their emperor. His royal coat of silver tissue embroidered with ermine was upheld by a marshal of the empire; his mother, the young empress, walked in state under a gorgeous canopy; beneath another walked his famous father, the emperor; a princess carried his baptismal candle; a princess held his christening cloth; a countess bore his salt-cellar; and grouped about him before the high altar were princes and dukes, chamberlains and marshals; he had an emperor for his godfather; he had a queen for his godmother; and thus, in sight of that whole glittering assembly, was the little fellow baptized as Francis Charles Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, King of Rome and heir to France,—this unconcerned baby whose mighty father, not so very many years before, had been a struggling young Corsican cadet, starving in Paris on sixpence a day, with never a thought that in the days to come his son would be the most famous baby in Europe.

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This grand christening ceremony was but the beginning of many brilliant displays in his honor. For Napoleon the emperor was so overjoyed to have a son and heir that he wished all the world to share his joy, and all France to be happy with him. That summer of 1811 was undoubtedly Napoleon's happiest time.

But a king must have a royal guard. So one day in September, 1811, a brigade of boys, none of them over twelve years old, marched into the Court of the Carrousel, where the Emperor was reviewing his army, and drew up in line of battle opposite the famous Old Guard of the Emperor. And Napoleon said: "Soldiers of my guard, these are your children. I confide to them the guard of my son, as I have confided myself to you." And to the boys he said: "My children, upon you I impose a difficult duty. But I rely upon you. You are pupils of the guard, and your service is the protection of the King of Rome."

Napoleon was a devoted father. In this small son of his, he saw the future of all his plans, ambitions, and hopes, and he loved the boy with all the fondness of a father and the selfishness of a despot. He would caress the little fellow, romp with him, toss him and tease him, and break off the most important duties to give the prince a word or a smile. Stretched full length upon the floor he

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would play with the baby's blocks and toys, regardless of the fact that already his great power was on the wane, and that his empire, built up like Aladdin's palace, almost in a night, was ready to topple and fall, even as did the card-houses he built up for the amusement of his baby boy.

The little Napoleon's cradle was a piece of picturesque magnificence, made from mother-of-pearl and gold, crowned with a winged Victory and graced with the imperial eagle; his baby-carriage was a marvel of luxury drawn by two snow-white lambs and guided by a gorgeous official, while every now and then, as an especial favor to the soldiers on guard, the little boy would be lifted from his glittering baby-carriage to be carried and dandled in the arms of some battle-scarred veteran of the famous Imperial Guard, who counted it a privilege thus to handle the son of his "Little Corporal."

There were days upon days of splendor and ceremonial, of fête and display, in the early life of the little King of Rome. His father was, literally, kings of kings; he made and unmade sovereigns; he carved up nations, and cut out states.

Suddenly came the collapse. All Europe arrayed itself against this crowned adventurer—this man who, through a hundred years, has remained at once the marvel and the puzzle of history. There came days of preparation and leave-taking, of war

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and battle, of defeat and disgrace. In all of these the son of Napoleon played his part; it was because of him, perhaps, that they occurred. Napoleon wished for peace; he wished to strengthen and consolidate his mighty power so as to give a united kingdom to his son. And when the days of war and struggle came, the old-time fire and dash and courage of the conqueror seemed to have left him; his hopes were with his boy and that boy's future, rather than in the rush and grapple of armies.

So Napoleon's star set fast. With all Europe arrayed against him, with France itself divided, and those whom he had lifted to high position joined, secretly or openly, for his overthrow, the great Corsican suddenly became little, and everything went wrong.

On the 25th of January, 1814, the father saw his son for the last time. Holding by the hand the boy, then nearly three years old, the Emperor presented himself before the eight hundred officers of the National Guard of Paris, assembled in the gorgeous Hall of the Marshals. "Officers of the National Guard," he said, "I go to take my place at the head of the army. To your protection I confide my wife and my son upon whom rest so many hopes. In your care I leave what is, next to France, the dearest thing I have in the world."

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Then, with a parting caress to the bright little fellow he loved so dearly—the son who, in all the dark moments and all the years of exile that followed the Emperor's downfall, was never absent from the father's thoughts—Napoleon kissed his son good-bye and was off to the war.

He never saw his boy again. Disaster overwhelmed both the Emperor and the nation. The Guards were powerless to guard. The armies of Napoleon were defeated; he himself was banished to Elba; and the little Napoleon with his mother, the Empress, escaped to the court of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria.

With a final burst of courage, Napolen escaped from Elba and roused France once again to war. It was in vain. His power and his luck were gone. Waterloo gave him his death-blow, and the lonely island of St. Helena became his prison and his grave.

Four days after Waterloo, on the 21st of June, 1815, Napoleon issued his last proclamation. "I offer myself in sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France," he declared. "My political life is ended, and I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. . . . Let all unite for the public safety, and in order to remain an independent nation. NAPOLEON."

But the nation was paralyzed by disaster.

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NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL TO HIS SO.

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Union was impossible. The boy thus proclaimed emperor was far from France, held by the enemy. He was never to see his native land again, never to see his father, never to reign Emperor of the French.

For seventeen years the boy lived at the Austrian court, practically a prisoner. His mother cared little for him, and for years did not see him; his name of Napoleon was denied him; his titles of Emperor and King were taken from him, and he was known simply as the Duke of Reichstadt.

His grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, was kind to him, and tried to make an Austrian of him; but he grew from a bright, handsome little fellow into a lonely, low-spirited, and brooding boy, who remembered his former grandeur and the high position to which he had been born, and fretted over the knowledge that he, the son of Napoleon, could inherit no portion of his father's glory, and was denied even the empty honor of his name.

At five, he was a beautiful boy, who rebelled when his tutors tried to teach him German, and delighted to play jokes on his royal grandfather; it has even been solemnly asserted that he tied the imperial coat-tails to a chair, and filled the imperial boots with gravel. At seven, he put on the uniform of a private in the Austrian Royal Guard, and displayed a liking for military life. As he grew old

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enough to appreciate his position, his gayety began to change to reticence and a love for solitude. One of the Austrian generals was discoursing to the boy one day on the three greatest warriors of the world. "I know a fourth," said the young Napoleon.

"And who is that?" the commandant asked.

"My father," replied the boy, proudly, and walked away from the lecturer.

He was ten years old when his great father died in his exile at St. Helena (on the 5th of May, 1821). The boy wept bitterly when he was told the news, and shut himself up for several days. He put on mourning, but the Austrians compelled him to put it off, and permitted him to show no grief for his dead father.

After this he grew still more quiet and secretive; he took to his books, became quite a student, and wrote an able treatise upon Cæsar's *Commentaries*. When he was fifteen he was permitted to read books about his father and the history of France, and at sixteen he was instructed in the forms of Austrian government, and the false theory known as "the divine right of kings."

When he was twenty he "came out" into society, and was made lieutenant-colonel of infantry in the Austrian army; but he never "smelled powder" nor saw war; for brooding and solitude weakened

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THE SON OF NAPOLEON IN THE UNIFORM OF AN AUSTRIAN COLONEL.

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his constitution ; ill-health resulted ; his lungs were touched with disease ; it is even asserted that his constitution was deliberately undermined by the Austrians in the hope of removing him by an early death. Let us hope this is not true ! But the early end came; for, on the 22d of July, in the year 1832, having reached the age of twenty one, the son of Napoleon died in the Palace of Schonbrunn, of consumption.

It seems hard, but death was the only solution of what might have been a problem. Without the will, the energy, the genius, or the selfishness of his remarkable father, the son of Napoleon yet had ambition, persistence, and a reverence for his father's memory that amounted almost to a passion. Without any special love for France, he cherished that dream of empire that his father had made come true. Had he lived and joined ability to strength, his name might have raised up armies, and again drenched Europe in blood—the tool of factions or the prey of his ambitions. He died, a lonely invalid, and Europe was spared the horror of a possible "might have been."

On the plain bronze tomb that marks this boy's place of burial in the Carthusian monastery at Vienna—near to that of another unwise and unfortunate Prince, the Austrian usurper, Maximilian of Mexico—the visitor may read this inscription,

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placed there by the Emperor, his grandfather: "To the eternal memory of Joseph Charles Francis, Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French and Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria. Born at Paris, March 20, 1811, when in his cradle he was hailed by the title of King of Rome; he was endowed with every faculty, both of body and mind; his stature was tall; his countenance adorned with the charms of youth, and his conversation full of affability; he displayed an astonishing capacity for study, and the exercise of the military art; attacked by a pulmonary disease, he died at Schonbrunn, near Vienna, July 22, 1832."

The epitaph tells but one side of this boy's dramatic story; the other side is sad enough. He, himself, gives us one glimpse of this shady side in the brief but eloquent epitaph that he one gloomy day composed, as he declared, for his tomb:

> "Here lies the son of the Great Napoleon.
> He was born King of Rome
> And died an Austrian colonel."

Could anything be more telling? It was the summing up of a life that, beginning in glory, went out in gloom; the prince of the Tuileries became the prisoner of Vienna; the dream of empire was speedily dispelled, and death itself mercifully re-

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moved one who might have proved a menace and a curse to Europe.

What his life might have been had his father remained conqueror and emperor none may say. But the star of Napoleon, that had blazed like a meteor in Europe's startled sky, flickered, fell, and went out in defeat and disgrace. Thenceforward, the shadow of the father's downfall clung to the boy; for the son of Napoleon had neither the opportunity, the energy, nor the will to display any trace of that genius for conquest that made the name of Napoleon great in his day, and greater still, as the gathering years leave far in the past the tragedy of his downfall and his death.

Thus, from the son of the greatest philosopher of antiquity to the son of the greatest soldier of modern times, have we sought out and studied the sons of the world's greatest men. Their stories, one after the other, have almost without exception proved that the shadow of a great name obscures those upon whom it falls; that few men inherit the genius or the greatness of a world-moving or a mighty father; that, in fact, we must all of us depend upon ourselves for character-building, and that it is circumstances rather than inheritance or education that bring out the real force in men and

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women and make them leaders of the world's thought or moulders of the world's energy.

Because these boys, who have here been grouped under the general title of Great Men's Sons, amounted apparently to very little when placed beside the fame or achievements of their fathers; because some of them were stupid, some were wicked, and none were really great, let us not infer that it is useless to pattern after our fathers or try to equal them in what they were or what they did. Great men, as a rule, are phenomenal; they exist because of the demand created by the needs of the world into which they come. A Cæsar or a Washington, a Cicero or an Alfred, a Dante or a Shakspere, a Charlemagne or a Napoleon, a Socrates or a Lincoln, were needed when they came; they were men who set the world to spinning anew, and their greatness was part of the world's growth and a new starting-point for its progress.

That their sons should also be geniuses was as unnecessary as it was impossible. Perhaps it was the sons' misfortune that their fathers were so great; for the world expected too much of them, and he who expects too much is generally doomed to disappointment. To be just as good and just as great as we can, irrespective of what our fathers were, is, after all, the main thing for boys and girls to attempt; and he who lives a clean, wholesome,

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honest, helpful, truthful, and useful life has made his mark in the world and been of benefit to his fellow-men—no matter whether his father was as great as the greatest, as humble as the humblest, or as poor as the poorest.

> " Honor and shame from no condition rise ;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

THE END.

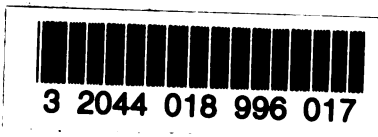


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